

Sports Fields

For Militiamen

**Lord Nuffield's
£1,500,000
Gift**

LORD NUFFIELD IS TO GIVE ONE MILLION SHARES IN MORRIS MOTORS, WORTH APPROXIMATELY £1,500,000, TO PROVIDE RECREATIONAL FACILITIES FOR MILITIAMEN, TERRITORIALS AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FORCES.

In a letter to the Secretary for War yesterday, Lord Nuffield says:—

I have been greatly impressed and encouraged by the wonderful response to the National Appeal for Voluntary Recruiting.

Not less remarkable has been the willing acceptance by all classes and parties of the principle of universal service, calling for equal sacrifice by all.

I, of course, assume that everything necessary to the health and happiness of the troops will be provided by the Government.

At the same time, I am anxious to make some personal contribution towards the comfort and well-being of those who are giving up, however temporarily, the ordinary course of their civil occupations and their home surroundings in the service of our country.

PERMANENT MEMORIAL

For this purpose I intend to place in the hands of trustees one million shares in Morris Motors, of a present value of approximately £1,500,000, yielding to-day an income of some £100,000 per annum, to be devoted towards improving the facilities for recreation and enjoyment of the Militia, Territorials and other Forces, at the discretion of the trustees. I intend this gift to be a permanent memorial to the spirit which animates us to-day.

In a letter accepting the gift, Mr. Horne-Belisha has replied:—

Your letter is characteristic of you. It is overwhelmingly generous and signifies in a most striking manner the willingness on all sides to meet the present situation.

This gift... is a fitting testimony to the national spirit and to the obligation which rests on every one of us to serve our country at this time.

"YARD'S" NEW I.R.A. WARNING

Special to "The People"

FEARING THE POSSIBILITY OF FURTHER I.R.A. ACTIVITIES DURING THE HOLIDAY WEEK-END, THE SPECIAL BRANCH AT SCOTLAND YARD HAS ISSUED A WARNING ASKING FOR WATCH TO BE KEPT ON ALL PUBLIC BUILDINGS, BANKS, PETROL STATIONS, ETC.

Particular attention is drawn to the possibility of petrol stations being the object of further outrages, but the "Yard" is of opinion that if special watch is kept attempts will not be made.

It is understood that the responsible officers at Scotland Yard have received no direct threat that there will be further outrages during the week-end. They feel, however, that it is advisable that there should be no relaxation in precautionary measures in case the I.R.A. men should take advantage of any slackening during the holiday period.

"RAFFLES" CHLOROFORM RUSE

Paris, Saturday.
AN ARREST HAS JUST BEEN MADE IN CONNECTION WITH A SERIES OF CASES IN WHICH PASSENGERS ON NIGHT TRAINS HAVE BEEN CHLOROFORMED AND THEN STRIPPED OF THEIR MONEY, JEWELS AND LUGGAGE. All the victims, including many women, told the police that as they sat alone in their compartment they remembered a young man enter. A few minutes later they fell asleep and awoke on arrival at the terminus to find that all their belongings had vanished.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER

Fair with cloudy periods; moderate north-west winds; cooler.

BANK HOLIDAY WEATHER

Mainly fair.

★
AS
IN THE
DAYS
OF
YORE

Working Whitsun For Diplomats

DECISIVE STAGE IN SOVIET PACT PLAN Hitler's New Danzig Order

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

WHILE MILLIONS OF BRITONS, HOPING FOR THE CONTINUANCE OF BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY WEATHER, ARE AT PLAY, DIPLOMATS IN BRITAIN, FRANCE AND RUSSIA ARE HARD AT WORK THIS WHITSUN.

As a result of their labours, complete Anglo-French-Soviet agreement on the proposed Three-Power Defence Pact is expected this week. Negotiations have already reached a decisive stage in Moscow.

M. Stalin, the Russian leader, is considering the full text of the draft agreement which the British Ambassador in Moscow, Sir William Seeds, handed to M. Molotov, the Soviet Premier and Foreign Commissar, yesterday afternoon.

The French Ambassador in Moscow has informed the Soviet Foreign Office that France is in complete agreement with the draft.

Sir William Seeds was accompanied by the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. Jean Payart. A Moscow message says that it is believed that this meeting represents the decisive stage in the negotiations.

In Paris, yesterday, there was a long session of the Cabinet, presided over by M. Albert Lebrun, the French President. A communiqué issued later said that "the Council was devoted entirely to a general review by M. Georges Bonnet (Foreign Minister) of the foreign situation."

Situation Better

It is understood that the Ministers were informed that the situation looked more favourable, from the French point of view, than for some time past, but that the Government could not afford to relax any effort to establish a united Democratic peace front.

Although M. Bonnet, it is understood, mentioned the likelihood of an early conclusion of a Franco-Turkish Pact, the negotiations with Russia formed his main theme.

Danzig questions were also among the subjects discussed.

His report was unanimously approved by the Cabinet.

Nazis Cautioned

Meanwhile, news comes from Germany that Herr Hitler has instructed President Greiser and Gauleiter Foerster, his two Nazi chiefs in Danzig, that they must do nothing that might precipitate a European war.

Herr Hitler has gone to Berchtesgaden for the holiday. There he will see if he can think out a way other than that of war—to obtain the incorporation of Danzig in the Reich.

He realises that a Pact with Russia means that he would have to fight a war, if he provoked one, on both an eastern and a western front. And Russia is so strong that he would need almost all his forces to ward off attack from that direction.

Mr. Attlee Ill: May Miss Labour Conference

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Southport, Saturday.
MR. C. R. ATTLEE, M.P., LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, WHO ARRIVED AT SOUTHPORT ON FRIDAY, FOR THE WHITSUNTIDE CONFERENCE OF THE LABOUR PARTY, HAS BEEN TAKEN ILL AS THE RESULT OF EATING SOME FOOD THAT DISAGREED WITH HIM.

A doctor who was summoned to his hotel to-day ordered him to remain in bed and rest for several days.

This means that he will not be able to speak as arranged at a public demonstration in Southport to-morrow night, and he may not be able to take part in the conference proceedings next week.

Mr. Attlee did not feel well on the train journey from London, and was unable to attend the party's Executive meeting on Friday night.

His condition to-night was not regarded as serious, but he may have to rest for the best part of a week.

GERMAN SOLDIERS FLEE TO POLAND

Two fully armed German soldiers yesterday crossed the frontier near Poznan (Posen) and reported to the Polish authorities, according to a Warsaw report. They asked that they should not be sent back to Germany.—Reuter.

Duchess
Of Kent's
Cousin
To Wed

Rich Wife Shot Dead In Hotel

Special to "The People"

AN EMPLOYEE, DELIVERING THE MORNING'S MAIL IN A FASHIONABLE HOTEL IN HALF MOON-ST., W. YESTERDAY MORNING, PUSHED A LETTER WITH A CAPETOWN POSTMARK UNDER THE DOOR OF A BEDROOM OCCUPIED BY WEALTHY MRS. JANET SILVESTER.

It was from her husband, Dr. C. Silvester.

But Mrs. Silvester did not see it. She was sitting in a chair in the room, fully clothed, with a bullet through her heart.

An automatic pistol, from which one shot had been fired, lay on the carpet, near the chair.

She was found dead by police who were called to the hotel.

Mrs. Silvester was forty-eight.

She and her husband, who formerly practised in Innerleithen, Peebles-shire, went to live at the hotel just before Christmas.

SHIP'S DOCTOR

Six weeks ago Dr. Silvester obtained an appointment as a ship's doctor on a liner on the England-South Africa route. He is expected home in a few weeks from his first trip.

At 11 o'clock on Friday night Mrs. Silvester went to her room.

And by midnight, the police believe, she was dead.

Her bed had not been slept in.

"Mrs. Silvester was a very wealthy woman," an employee at the hotel said. "She had a private income of her own. She wore very expensive clothes and had a large amount of valuable jewellery."

"She had no friends in London, although she had a few casual acquaintances in the hotel. She seemed cheerful yesterday. No shot was heard during the night."

"We did not know she had a gun. A firearms certificate was found by police who searched her papers."

The inquest will be held at Westminster on Tuesday.

Dr. Silvester was formerly Medical Officer of the Nicholson Memorial Hospital, Strathpeffer, and Junior House Surgeon at Birkenhead Borough Hospital.

"IRON LUNG" MAN SAW MASS IN MIRROR

From Our Own Correspondent

Lourdes, Saturday.
A special Mass for Mr. Fred Snite, the "Man in the Iron Lung," and his family was held here to-day.

Lying in the Iron Lung in his huge caravans, Mr. Snite was able to watch the movements of the Priest at Mass through a mirror.

With his parents, Mr. Snite has travelled 4,750 miles from Miami, Florida, on the pilgrimage to Lourdes. He has been in the Iron Lung for three years.—Reuter.

When did you last have a Guinness?

Yesterday? A week ago? Then probably the mere mention of Guinness makes your mouth water. That creamy, lingering head. That invigorating flavour. A-a-ah! You don't need us to describe it.

But if you haven't had a Guinness for some months, what a lot you've been missing! Whatever you've had in the meantime, you've had nothing like a Guinness. Because there is nothing like a Guinness.

Come and have one now. The very first taste will tell you "this is the real thing." So full of satisfying body and strength, yet so clean and refreshing. A taste you won't tire of. A taste that is Guinness and Guinness alone. Guinness is more than a grand drink. A doctor has called it "the finest tonic we possess." Whenever you're nervy, run-down, on edge, or just plain tired, go and have a Guinness.

Better still, start having a Guinness a day. Guinness is good for you.

* Quoted from the letter of a doctor with his special permission.



G.E.441



A modern cricket match in seventeenth century costume was part of the fête arranged to celebrate the ter-centenary of Snakeleys, the famous Middlesex house, now the headquarters of the Foreign Office Sports Association.

5,000 See Great Darts Final

CUP WON BY LONDON TEAM

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

A TEAM OF LONDONERS WON THE FINAL OF THE LORD LONSDALE TROPHY IN "THE PEOPLE" NATIONAL DARTS TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE EMPRESS HALL, EARL'S COURT, LAST NIGHT.

Bill Smith, scoring a neat double two for the "Hercules" (Aldgate), won the cup for his team in the final against "King Harold," Waltham Cross.

The "Hercules" won by two straight "legs" to none, and did not lose a single match throughout the evening.

Lord Lonsdale was unable to be present, but, in a letter regretting his absence, he said:—

"I had looked forward with much pleasure to presenting my Trophy to the winning team of the first National Teams Championship... May I wish you all the very best of luck, not only in darts, but in your life, happiness and health? My sincerest congratulations to the ultimate winners."

FAN THRILLS

"The advance and increase of interest in the game of darts is remarkable, and quite rightly, too, for the game is extraordinarily good practice for eye and muscle to work simultaneously," he stated.

"The unprecedented support which darts players all over the country have accorded to this Championship has been very gratifying."

The teams competing are from all parts of the country, each of which has already a wonderful record of many hard matches played and won in the earlier rounds.

Five thousand enthusiastic "fans" followed the throws, which were demonstrated on huge boards five feet in diameter.

The boards were placed high above the arena, where white-funnelled scores indicated with illuminated pointers the position of each dart.

The final was keenly contested in an atmosphere of intense excitement. While "Hercules" only needed double two, the "King Harold" slowly crept down to them, until Bill Smith planted a dart neatly in the required double.

Len Harvey, British Heavyweight Champion, presented the handsome silver Lonsdale Trophy to the winners. A description of the final tie was broadcast by Mr. R. Ingham, "Fair Flight" of "The People."

(Full report in Page Nineteen)

GREAT HOLIDAY CASH
CONTEST AND RADIO
GUIDE IN PAGE 14.

Maid Stages "Robbery"

FAKED SCREAMS AND A "STOUT MAN"

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Woking, Saturday.
A MAID'S confession that she had staged a "robbery" at her employer's premises, complete with "agonising screams" and a mythical "stout dark man," was mentioned at the police court here to-day.

Florence Pridham, of Coniston-rd., Old Woking, was charged with stealing £4 10s. from Mr. Frank David, of Guildford-rd., Woking.

It was stated that whilst talking to his wife in his shop, Mr. David heard "agonising screams" in his flat overhead.

Then the maid came running down the stairs crying, "There is a man upstairs! He's robbing the place!"

Mr. David rushed up, and, on the way, found his wife's jewel case lying open on the stairs with jewellery scattered all over the place.

His bedroom was in a state of disorder, the contents of the wardrobe lying on the floor with Treasury notes and jewellery.

The maid told him that a man had dashed out by the back entrance.

VAIN SEARCH FOR MAN

Later, the maid told the police that the man was short, stout and clean shaven and was wearing a dark overcoat.

The district was searched without result.

When interviewed next day by a detective, the maid confessed that she had staged the "robbery."

Fridham pleaded guilty and said she acted on an impulse. She and her husband were buying their house and had got behind with payments.

"I've been reading a lot of detective stories," she added.

Her husband, appealing for leniency, told the Court she was the finest wife any man could have and adored her two children.

She was placed on probation for a year subject to paying £2 towards the costs.

PILOT HURT IN CRASH

Sergt. G. E. Musgrove, of No. 13 Elementary Reserve Flying Training School, was slightly injured when his Tiger Moth plane crashed at Wendover, near Great Missenden, yesterday afternoon.

SHE'S THE ROSE QUEEN



Glenys Jones, daughter of a fisherman, who will be crowned Rose Queen of Llandudno next month, gives her father's nets the "once-over."

REX IS A REAL GAY DOG!

From Our Own Correspondent

Liverpool, Saturday.
A DOG that was rescued from death by means of port wine has for four years thrived on intoxicating drink.

Rex, a cross between a whippet and a fox terrier, was bought for 5s. by Ronnie Johnson, of West Kirby, who, at the age of fifteen, is a champion horse-rider and winner of trophies at Olympia.

The dog was run over by a bicycle, had two ribs damaged, and was on the point of death, when Ronnie, alone in the house with his pet, poured some port wine down its throat. The animal rallied and from that day has never looked back.

He took to his medicine greedily and, getting through bottle after bottle, soon regained his normal strength.

"He is unable to digest solid food," said Ronnie, "and for four years his diet has consisted of port wine, brandy, milk and halibut oil."

"He was so fond of his port wine that twice, before I knew exactly how much he could stand, the poor little chap was drunk!"

PREMIER GOING FISHING

The Prime Minister left Downing-st. yesterday morning for the country, where he is spending the Whitsun holiday with friends.

Mr. Chamberlain drove to catch his train at Waterloo Station—complete with fishing-rods.

200 Killings Alleged In Amazing Trial

MASS-MURDER SYNDICATE

HUSBANDS POISONED FOR INSURANCE

Philadelphia, Saturday.

THE MOST ASTONISHING MASS-KILLING STORY IN HISTORY WILL BE TOLD WHEN THE TRIAL OPENS HERE NEXT WEEK OF 23 PEOPLE, WHO ARE ACCUSED OF BEING MEMBERS OF A MURDER SYNDICATE WHICH IS SUSPECTED TO HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR 200 DEATHS.

Behind the trial, which will last most of the summer, lies a well-known incredible story of mass-murder rings in which doctors, "witch-doctors," undertakers and "professional widows" were involved.

Detectives who have been investigating the case for two years declare that murder—usually carried out to secure insurance money, but occasionally for the convenience of dissatisfied wives—had reached the proportions of a competitive industry.

There were two gangs in the "business," one murdering for a percentage of the insurance money, the other for a flat fee. One ring operating in Philadelphia had to open a branch office in Pittsburgh to handle the business in Western Pennsylvania.

NIGHTMARE OF SLAUGHTER

The murders have been going on for ten years in Philadelphia, and, as far as police can ascertain, for eight years in Pittsburgh.

Twenty-three alleged members of the syndicate, about half of them women, are under arrest. Several have already pleaded guilty.

Towards the end of the fantastic nightmare of slaughter, the murder merchants were killing each other in a desperate effort to escape justice.

Most of the twenty-three men and women now under arrest are of Italian origin, and many of them were born in Italy. Some can hardly speak English.

Cesare Valenti, who was arrested while serving a sentence in a New York prison, is reputed to be the organiser of the syndicate, and a member of the Italian Mafia. Other leaders are alleged to be Harman and Paul Petrillo, Morris Bolter and Mrs. Rose Carina, known as the "Kiss of Death Widow."

The police know the names and addresses of more than 35 people murdered for their insurance. Usually they were given small doses of poison, day after day, by their wives.

And, just to make sure, the police have evidence that the ring planned the slow deaths, also by poison, of the widows of the murdered men, so that there would be no witnesses to testify against them.

ARREST IN JAIL

Among those arrested and held without bail are:

Dr. Horace D. Perlman, fifty, for 28 years a practicing physician and specialist in obstetrics. He is accused of being an accessory before and after the fact.

Cesare Valenti, an Italian, former heavy-weight boxer, bootlegger, member of a counterfeit ring, and alleged to be co-leader of the Philadelphia murder ring. He was found in a New York prison, where he was serving a sentence for violation of the liquor laws.

Morris Bolter, forty-five, who calls himself a psychiatrist, and who was known to his neighbours as a "witch doctor," said by the police to have been one of the leaders of the ring.

Herman Petrillo, forty, convicted and under sentence of death, was formerly a spaghetti salesman, and was head of the ring operating in North Philadelphia. He has confessed to 12 murders and told of nine more. He secured "prospects" by making love to their wives.

Paul Petrillo, forty-five, a tailor. He was chief of the southern branch, who operated chiefly through the "Kiss of Death Widow."

Mrs. Carina Favato, forty-five, has confessed to murdering her husband, stepson and a lodger. Believes in "black magic," fears evil spirits and paid large sums of money to a "witch woman."

The Valenti-Herman Petrillo branch of the syndicate specialised in showing wives how to kill their husbands profitably, supplied poison in advance and collected 250 of the first \$200 insurance money and 10 per cent. of the rest as its fee.

The Bolter-Paul Petrillo branch murdered in bedchambers, widowers and men separated from their wives.

They used the "Kiss of Death" woman, Rose Carina, alias Rose Lisi and Rose Ruggiero, as the lure. She gave her favours to many men and married a few. All but the last and last of her "husbands" died. Her first husband, John Carbone, by whom she had three children, flatly refused to be insured. He is living.

Dominic Carina, her second husband, died leaving insurance.

Prosper Lisi, her third husband, had no insurance, but died after ten weeks of marriage leaving property.

Pietro Stea, the fourth, died leaving \$500 in insurance shortly after marriage. Isidore Tropea, fifth, refused to take out insurance and she left him.—B.U.P.

PETAINE NOT RETIRING

Marshal Petaine, wartime Commander-in-Chief of the French Forces, now French Ambassador in Spain, has denied a newspaper report that he intends shortly to retire from his ambassadorial post.—Reuter.

"THE PEOPLE'S" CROSSWORD No. 153

The most meritorious answers used by competitors decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those shown in the square on right.

One square contains two letters to indicate that at this point competitors who used the words FILL or GILL were regarded as having submitted answers of equal merit.

Extracts from the reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 153 form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in this week's "The Competitor's World."

This free publication may be obtained on application. Send 6d. P.O. made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed / & Co. to cover postage for the next 12 issues. Address your envelope "The People's" Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

H	P	A	C	K	S	S
D	A	S	H	H	O	P
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Holidays Ahoy!

OUR MONSTER PRIZE OFFER

THIS WEEK-END BEGINS BRITAIN'S ANNUAL HOLIDAY SEASON, AND TO MARK THE OCCASION, "THE PEOPLE" TO-DAY MAKES A SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER IN CONNECTION WITH ITS FAIR-FOR-ALL CROSSWORD COMPETITION.

It is an offer that will appeal to all those who, by force of circumstances, are having a stay-at-home Whitsun.

For it gives them the opportunity of having a holiday in millionaire luxury.

Our first prize this week is a month's cruise anywhere for four people, with a sum of £1,500. Alternatively, the winner may have £2,000 in cash.

Cruising is the ideal form of holiday for new sights, new surroundings and new acquaintances all help to stimulate nerves and restore health.

Unfortunately, for most people, cruises can only be excursions into dreamland on account of the cost.

Here is a way to make these dream trips real. Page Fourteen contains full details of our splendid new offer. Turn there now and win the holiday of a lifetime.

To help you with your entries, "The People" publishes a free weekly Crossword magazine. The "Competitor's World"—which has enabled many readers to figure in our prize lists.

This magazine can be obtained by writing to the Competition Department, 6, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Enclose a 6d. P.O. (crossed / & Co.) and made payable to Odhams Press Ltd.) to cover postage for 12 weeks.

CROSSWORD No. 153
There were 32 competitors who each submitted on one square the most meritorious answers as decided by the Adjudication Committee (see below). Subject to the terms and conditions of the competition, a cheque for £29 1s. 3d. will be sent to each together with a list of the names and addresses of all first prize winners.

This list may also be had on receipt of a request by postcard giving applicant's name and address in block letters, addressed to the Competition Manager, "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

A notification has been sent to each first prize winner.

Any other entrant who believes that he or she has submitted a square eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than first post Wednesday, May 31, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of all squares submitted and postal order number. Envelopes to be addressed to the Competition Manager, "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the runners-up prizes.

1st runners-up.—262 competitors, from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best squares received, will be notified; each lady will receive a pillow and bolster set and each gentleman a chromium wrist watch.

2nd runners-up.—1,288 competitors from whom we received squares inferior in merit by reason of only two less apt and accurate answers compared with the best squares received, will be notified; each lady will receive a pillow and bolster set and each gentleman a chromium wrist watch.

"FIRST IN ZION"
Jerusalem, Saturday.
Chief Rabbi Jacob Meir, C.B.E., who was known to Jews as "First in Zion," died this morning, aged eighty-three. He was spiritual leader of the Spanish Jews of Palestine.—Reuter.

"THE PEOPLE'S" CROSSWORD No. 153
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Two simple methods of giving "ASPRO" to the kiddies are: (a) With and without a spoonful of jam. The dose is: children 2 to 6 years, 1 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. "ASPRO" may be given to children under 3 years of age without medical advice.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES
Two simple methods of giving "ASPRO" to the kiddies are: (a) With and without a spoonful of jam. The dose is: children 2 to 6 years, 1 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. "ASPRO" may be given to children under 3 years of age without medical advice.



'ASPRO' answers every call for help—and ACTS AT ONCE!

Sudden pain—a feverish attack—a violent headache—in themselves call for immediate action for their removal. 'ASPRO' is the answer to the call. It gets to work quickly. It banishes the feverishness and stops the pain in a few minutes. Have YOU tried 'ASPRO' tablets? If not, do so the next time you feel out-of-sorts. You will find 'ASPRO' a true friend in need. It is one of the quickest acting antifevers—pains—colds—flu—rheumatism—sleeplessness and irritability that has ever been produced in the realm of Medical Science. A fact of great importance is that 'ASPRO' does NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH—neither does it cause acidity or gastric upset. 'ASPRO' is so safe a child can take it. It does not dope, deaden or drug. You get 100 per cent. benefit without any harmful after-effects. 'ASPRO' taken in time definitely prevents the development of serious complications. For, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of uric acid—an internal antiseptic—an antipyretic or fever-reducer—and a powerful germicide. It therefore attacks the root causes of many complaints. Next time you are in pain take 'ASPRO'—then you will find that—

PAIN JUST FADES OUT!

A FAMILY REPORT
75 Belgrave Street, Stepney, E.1.
Dear Sirs,
I feel I must write to let you know how thankful my family and myself are to 'ASPRO'. They are all that you advertise them to be, as they have given us instant relief from Rheumatism, headaches, and violent colds, and I would not be without them even if they were half-a-crown a box instead of a modest sixpence.

I write on behalf of my family and myself, as we are all so indebted to 'ASPRO' for the good they have done us all. For relieving headaches, colds and neuritis they are unequalled, and we call them our family physician.

We are, Yours faithfully,
MR. & MRS. DEVERELL & FAMILY.

TRAVEL HEADACHES GO IN TEN MINUTES
Dear Sirs,
Thank you for samples of 'ASPRO'. I frequently have to travel at a moment's notice and get violent headaches as a result of the hasty packing and travel. I tried 'ASPRO'—got relief in about 10 minutes and now never fail to take a supply with me.

The convenient way in which they are packed is an added factor in their favour—so handy for travelling! Yours faithfully,
C. E. W-P. (Nurse).

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR
INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC
AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE

COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR
TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
Made in England by
ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 488
The proprietary right is claimed to the method of manufacture as the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES 3° 6° 1° 3 2° 6

Airway Roamer

70,000-MILE FLIGHT TO NOWHERE!

CAPTAIN J. C. Kelly-Rogers, of Imperial Airways, at the control of the trans-Atlantic flying-boat Connemara, is now engaged on a 70,000-mile flight to—nowhere!

He is carrying out a 400-hour Air Ministry test of the new Perseus sleeve-valve engines with which Imperial Airways' Atlantic and Tasman fleets are equipped.

Travelling at approximately 175 miles an hour for 400 hours, the Connemara will fly 70,000 miles, which is equivalent to twenty-four crossings of the Atlantic, or nearly three times the circumference of the earth.

The amount of flying done each day varies from 12 to 16 hours, according to weather conditions.

Air Ministry regulations confine the flight to the shores of Great Britain and, before the test is completed, the plane will have passed over almost every town and village in England.

British air services across the North Atlantic cannot be inaugurated until the test has been satisfactorily completed.



Helen Jacobs practising for her first appearance this season in the Priory Lawn Tennis Club's Whitsun tournament which opens at Birmingham.

15 Greyhounds Perish In Fire

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Birmingham, Saturday.
FIFTEEN VALUABLE GREYHOUNDS PERISHED TO-DAY IN A FIRE AT THE KENNELS AT KING'S HEATH GREYHOUND RACING STADIUM. THE VICTIMS INCLUDE TUFTED DUCK, THIS YEAR'S WATERLOO PLATE RUNNER-UP, OWNED BY MR. LEO CRAVEN, RACING MANAGER OF THE TRACK.

More than 100 dogs were accommodated at the kennels.

It is believed that the outbreak originated in the cookhouse near the kennels.

A member of the kennels staff, returning from luncheon, was attracted by excited barking, but, when he reached the kennels the wooden structure, fanned by a strong wind, was blazing furiously.

All the stadium staff immediately went to the rescue of the frantic animals many of which escaped and ran away.

DAZED BY FRIGHT

Track officials and people living nearby helped in the rescues. Some of the dogs were too frightened to come out of their kennels because of the flames. Except for bites, the rescuers suffered no casualties.

Mr. F. Shaw, who was working on neighbouring allotments, was early on the scene. He said: "The first pen I reached was blazing too fiercely for me to do anything. I smashed in the door of the second and tried to drive the dogs out. I had to push the frightened animals out bodily with my hands, and it was difficult to grip them because they were not wearing collars."

YANKEE CLIPPER'S

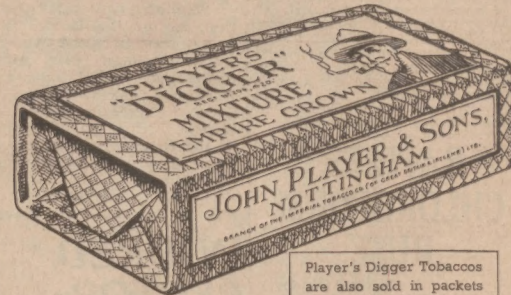
TWO-WAY FLIGHT

Long Island, Saturday.

The Pan-American Airways flying-boat Yankee Clipper arrived here at 7.49 p.m. B.S.T. to-day, having completed the first return flight with mail across the Atlantic.—Reuter.

No argument

Men who know a thing or two about tobacco will tell you . . . there are no two ways about it with 'Digger'. It gets off with a flying start and is good for a win in a pipe any day of the week. Real satisfying quality at 9½d. an ounce—that's the reason 'DIGGER' HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.



Player's Digger Tobaccos are also sold in packets of 34 to the 1-lb. AT 4½d. PER PACKET.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

9½d. AN OZ.

Men and Women of Empire

AS the royal train glided smoothly over the gleaming metals of the great Canadian Pacific route, eating up the miles, into the very heart of the grandest scenery of the Rocky Mountains, their Majesties must have felt that the mighty Dominion could not show them anything more thrilling than the sights and scenes they had already witnessed.

But when they came within sight of Banff, world-renowned beauty spot, which lies to the west of Winnipeg, the King and Queen felt, as millions of other tourists have felt in the past, that here, surely, is one of the rarest and loveliest spectacles provided by Nature.

Northward across the pearly lakes they sped, past golden wheat-fields, sun-drenched prairies, mountain ranges smiling in the sun.

Then, as though at the touch of some magician's hand, there rose before the royal travellers the towering heights of Banff, Alberta.

Purple-hued mountains rose 5,000 feet above the sea, their peaks covered with caps of glistening snow.

Away in the distance lay the sparkling expanse of Lake Louise, with its hoary glaciers and vast ice-fields.

Here, too, their Majesties found awaiting them the background of a thousand romances of fact and of fiction—the Indian reservations.

These are the stamping-grounds of the Redskin natives. Tales of their blood-curdling adventures filled our youthful days; doubtless their Majesties, as children, thrilled to the stories of the be-feathered braves as heartily as any one of us.

When Canada became British, the Indians were named wards of the Government, left in peace, and allotted these spacious reservations, their home for ever.

In the north, on Canada's frozen frontiers the Redskins still abound. But what are they to-day, the descendants of those powerful picturesque tribes?

Painted, plumed, moccasined, they once roamed those forests and carried on feuds and fur-trading with early settlers in New York, then called New Amsterdam. They sold furs to the Dutch for £5 and a string of beads.

Do Stone Age customs and witch-doctors still influence the Redman? Or has white man's civilisation stamped out the practice of torturing and burning?

What has the march of time meant to these former lords of Canada's forests and rushing streams? Has it stopped tomahawks and blood-curdling wars—how?

Annual Pow-wow

Has the machine-age laughed away their bark canoes, wigwams and feather head-dress?

Do the Redskin chiefs still befriend the wilderness, hunt with bow and arrow, and scalp their enemies?

What did the Royal visitors find among their Redskin subjects, living in this corner of the Empire? How have nearly two centuries of British rule affected them?

At Banff their Majesties were able to judge all this for themselves. For to this capital year after year, come Indians from far and near, for their annual pow-wow.

It is a day of games and sports and athletic competitions. Gaily dressed braves from distant trails travel on horseback for miles to attend the gathering of the clans.

Some 40 miles distant from Calgary, towards Banff, lies Morley, one of the oldest Indian settlements. Its clans took their name from the Stony (Rocky) Mountains. Their Chief is White-Herd, Medicine-Man and Rain-Maker.

When I first saw this Chief I thought he must have stepped out of a primeval forest.

This modern Hiawatha is tall, erect as a pine. His copper-coloured face was framed by a magnificent war-bonnet of eagles' feathers joined together by skillful beadwork; from each side hung tails of snowy ermine.

But he couldn't speak English! He only knew his native Indian dialect. So we chatted with the help of our mutual friend, Wilson.

This rugged Canadian explorer, who had discovered the Wilson glacier, had traded with the Indians for the past

HERE is the first article of an absorbing new series by Miss Betty Ross in which she presents an intimate close-up of men and women, famous and little known, whose diverse lives constitute the mosaic of the Empire. Betty Ross, "Queen of Interviewers," has exchanged ideas with Kings and Queens, Poets and Princes and Scientists and Statesmen in all parts of the world. Now, below, she introduces White Herd, Chief of the Stony Indians, and medicine man of the oldest Redskin tribes, who live in the Canadian Rockies, which are being visited by the King and Queen as part of their Dominion tour.



White Herd

half-century. He knew their dialects well and was beloved by all.

He was the only pale-face ever present at their intimate conversations.

"Since white man came to Canada," I said to the Chief "many changes have taken place."

"But white man's ways much better," he broke in. "Their men can even fly in the air! I see them!"

"And pale-face woman?"

At my question his sharply chiselled features relaxed into a smile.

"She pretty—but only good to put on a shelf—like a doll. She like her man to chop wood—and also to carry it into house for her!"

But Indian wife different; she do all work. You like to come to White Herd's cabin and meet squaw?" he grunted.

"Go!" whispered Wilson. "It's an unusual chance. He's keeper of all the supernatural charms and secrets."

Into the Clouds

Leaving Banff by car, we three drove along trails lying in the shade of purple hued mountains, known as the Fairholme Range.

Above their crests gleamed white glaciers. Yesterday's snowfall among the mountains had put a downy white blanket on those rugged peaks, stretching nearly 9,000 feet into the clouds.

As we rode on, the calls of animals in the thick woods broke the stillness; coyotes howled; wild goats frisked up steep mountain-sides. Snee-eyed Indians with long dark hair flying in the wind, rode along on trim Indian ponies.

A clumsy brown bear ambled out of the woods. But she was shy! After one quick glance at our car, the bear ran into the thicket.

"In our settlement we often find a black bear at the door. He noses around in the garbage-can, then goes off," laughed the Chief.

Then he went on proudly: "My English name is Hector Crawford. The other Indian braves in his settlement, he explained, also have Anglo-Saxon names—Smith, Jones, Brown.

For 100 years ago, a missionary—the first white man they had ever seen—

converted the tribe to Christianity. But only the Christian names he gave them remain; for the natives drifted back to their own primitive beliefs and customs.

Except for scalping, tomahawks, and war-hoops, which are no longer seen, tribal life goes on. Hunting and trapping, the Indians still roam the forests, as they did when Columbus first discovered them in North America.

Under Canadian rule, where they are treated as wards of the Government, their life is easier than formerly. Under their own tribal laws, when a brave grew too old to hunt, he was considered too old to live, and put to death.

To-day, in his old age, the Government encourages him to raise cattle, or to work for the neighbouring white ranchers.

The Government provides free schools, but an Indian boy learns the more important lessons from his father. He teaches him how to know which way the wind blows, how to find out where animals sleep, how to make and manage a canoe, and to hunt with bow and arrow.

Sports of the Chase
Life begins in the autumn. Then every male in the clan takes to the saddle, pipe in mouth, bow, arrow and gun across his shoulder.

"Back in three months," he promises his squaw.

"Kill heap big buffalo and moose and bears," is her parting counsel. She hopes he will trace some of his game for furs and blankets.

He always brings back tales from the other tribes; he meets them hunting in primeval forests or on frozen frontiers, those swarthy Creoles, the mahogany-faced Iroquois, the skin-clad Chipewyans.

While the braves are away their

Redskin types that will be seen by their Majesties during their Canadian tour.

with copper-coloured faces.

Farther down is a little post office. Counters display bearskins, beaded moccasins, deer-skin dresses.

It smacks of Wild West flavour, for its leggings, cherry-red blankets.

The adjoining wooden shack is the grocery store. Here I find sloop-eyed squaws, wearing shawls for hals, marketing.

All the wares are in tins and cartons—sardines, cereals, flour, sugar, tea. Fresh foods are not sold, for men hunt their own meat.

Squaws bake their own brown bread, called "bannock"; it is made of stiff dough. Cooking does not worry them; everyone has dried meat and tea for supper, day after day. Fish is scorned as a diet unsuitable for strong men!

"Now meet my squaw, the Wild Rose," said the Chief, leading towards a little wooden cabin. "Once an Indian had many wives, but Christian missionaries talked us out of it," he added regretfully.

"Hullo, Paleface!" exclaimed Wild Rose in Indian dialect. At our entrance this roly-poly squaw hastily tied a white apron over her billowy underskirts, in all shades of flaming red.

What a riot of colour she presented. Her blouse was of red and black checks, her scarf scarlet, the handkerchief knotted round her head was blue. Plaits of grey hair fell to her waist.

Pink shells were her earrings, braided green grasses made her necklace, blue beads decorated her moose moccasins.

"Paleface squaws work too hard to keep home in order. Indian house all in one room," she laughed.

Earl feathers decorated the unpainted walls of her home.

Opposite hung a portrait of her husband in his ceremonial blanket and head-dress.

A picture of the Virgin and the Child had been handed down in their family; it was a Christian present from that missionary.

Pointing to a strip of canvas, crudely embroidered in yellow and orange, she said proudly: "This shows the Sun in all its colours—it's my own work!"

Clean and Orderly

The large bed had hanging over it a yellow cloth beaming with Christmas bells and tinsel.

"Where's the kitchen?" I asked. She pointed to a large black stove on which three kettles were boiling.

The larger appealed to me most. It was a long string; on it hung strips of dried meat. This supply would see them through the winter.

Now she told me the secret of Indian cooking.

"Boil everything. Only tit-bits of an animal, such as tongue and heart, are fried in fat. Our men bring in moose, grizzly bear, black bear, sheep."

"The meat we dry to preserve it for many months, use the hides for clothing, and render the fat into lard and tallow."

Bear fat is like fish fat and is eaten on bread. From bear's grease they make "Squaw's bread," which tastes like doughnuts.

Wild Rose was a good housekeeper. Clean and orderly were the shelves; the wood-bin was full; the kitchen chairs scrubbed clean. Well polished were the pewter drinking cups, the oil lamp, the tea kettle.

The room had no wardrobe space but several chests. One large box holds the herbs and charms, over which the Chief, as Medicine Man, offers up the prayers for rain, for good hunting, for good health.

"I cure by secret mixtures of herbs and roots," he told me. "Remember that year when influenza killed so many whites? Yet our healers cured all their cases; many people from Canada and America came to consult us."

"What is your fee?"

"A horse or a few furs. I myself have never been ill, although I have many winters."

How many? I ventured, but he did not know his age. Indians count time numbering the winters after some outstanding event like "The Big Flood" or "The Great Hunger."

"Before the railway came, said the Chief, "I had 25 winters." He was referring to the Canadian Pacific railway, which began in 1883.

"That makes you eighty years old, White Herd."



That was a surprise to him and to me. For other than his lined parchment yellow face, the Chief looked like a youthful hunter. Gay orange ribbon tied his plaits of hair, which hung to his waist; his figure was trim; only a few white hairs dotted his chin.

"Have you been to 'Young Wives' Lake?" asked the Chief.

This was his way of asking whether I was married.

"And what did your husband give for you?" asked his wife. "The Chief gave my father two horses and a blanket for me," she confided proudly.

A mother counsels her daughter not to quarrel or dispute with her husband. If she is unhappy she should leave, but without saying a word!

The party who leaves the cabin cannot claim anything inside it—the tanned hides, dried meat, bead-work, blankets, gloves and moccasins; but is entitled only to a horse and saddle.

On this steed a divorced wife rides out in search of a new romance! Her sons remain with the husband; daughters belong to her. If she does

not remarry, the tribe will help her to bring them up.

Wild Rose has a small family, only seven children. "I don't know how long I have been married; I have no idea how old I am. You ask the Chief," she suggested, and I did so.

"Seventy winters. But Indian Squaw never minds years," he laughed, as we left the cabin and walked out towards the open plain.

Soon I realised what he meant. With a swift leap they mounted two trim ponies. A laugh, a parting wave of their hands, and off they galloped.

As fleet as the wind and as high-spirited, this eighty-year-old Indian Chief and the perennially blooming Wild Rose he had acquired for two horses and a blanket.

And that's how they love and laugh and live, our little-known Empire citizens in Canada.

NEXT SUNDAY:
SIR FLINDERS PETRIE, WHO KNOWS THE SECRETS OF THE PHARAOHS.

(Copyright in all countries by Betty Ross.)

By BETTY ROSS

(The Queen of Interviewers)

Does Warmer Weather MAKE YOUR FEET ACHE?

If So You Need
Zam-Buk

Brand Ointment.

WARMER weather is pleasant, but hard on your feet. It starts them aching, burning and swelling, aggravates corns, and makes a toil of your work, shopping and outdoor enjoyment.

So put your feet in real good trim and keep them so by following this easy treatment—it doesn't take many minutes, but the relief is wonderful. First, bathe your feet in warm water at bedtime (and morning if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed; ankles, joints, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. There's nothing like Zam-Buk for the feet.

1/3 or 3/4. Of all chemists & stores.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



"The pain and inflammation of my feet were almost past bearing. I dreaded walking or standing. Using Zam-Buk night and morning was wonderful. I can now keep on my feet all day."—Mrs. A. L. Liverpool.

"My husband is a watchman and he says Zam-Buk is the best thing he knows of for relieving aching and tired feet, and for helping him to go about his work in comfort. He is delighted with Zam-Buk."—Mrs. A. N. Southampton.

You May Not Agree That—

We're Well Rid of Lady Frightful

PICTURE A GRIM WOMAN OF UNCERTAIN AGE, WITH TONGUE AND EBONY RULER CONSTANTLY IN ACTION ON NERVES AND KNUCKLES OF HAPLESS PUPILS.

This was the figure I encountered the day I left my mother's knee to toddle to school for my first lesson.

I was five years old, the usual sort of infant, absorbing impressions like clay, awaiting helpful words, eager for play, terrified by grown-up anger.

Morning and afternoon I went to that room in the near-by school, a room lasting in my memory as a prison cell.

IT IS REMARKABLE HOW CUSTOM LEAVES ITS STAMP, AND I SUPPOSE EVERY SCHOOLROOM, FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WAS MUCH THE SAME.

This straight-bodied female believed it to be her duty to hammer in knowledge by any means.

Wooden benches, on which we

sat timidly for an eternity each day, were hard in the early hours and agonisingly so nearer evening.

There was no attempt to stimulate interest. When kiddies allowed attention to wander, our martinet, for punishment, had us all sitting stiffly with hands on heads, like Indian fakirs doing penance.

My mind roams back to Spring-time, when the birds trilled on the boughs outside, and we learned miserably by repeated repetition inside.

To each colour of the chart on the wall we recited a hundred times like "red, red, red," and "yellow, yellow, yellow," and then a hundred times again.

Thus did we monotonously discover how to distinguish black from white. The alphabet was gone over to the stage of nausea.

TIME MARCHES ON. NOW I AM A MAN OF FIFTY. LAST WEEK I WAS BACK IN MY HOME TOWN.

I visited the old school, shook hands with a new headmaster, and met a modern girlish teacher in place of my Lady Frightful.

What a change! The building has been restored. Walls are now tinted cheerfully, inlaid with pictures of fairy-land, of young folks of other lands, of things dear to the hearts of children.

Throughout, I saw at work the hand of progress. Lucky bairns are led to learn—cannot help but move forward in an atmosphere of happiness.

Teachers are of a new generation, relying on sensible method, sport, play and comradeship of themselves and their pupils.

I returned to the street, pleased and thoughtful. This, I considered, is the real goods. At last education is on its

feet, aiming at sound minds and fine bodies.

MY EXPERIENCE MADE ME EAGER TO SEE MORE. WHY NOT, THOUGHT I, INVESTIGATE FURTHER? AT LATER AGES THEY MUST BE CARRYING ON THIS EXCELLENCE. OR ARE THEY?

So I ventured. And I was not disappointed. In Central Schools—those recent additions for training children in early teens—there is a grand combination of normal subjects and practical instruction helpful for after life.

At working benches I saw boys gleefully using tools on wood and metal. Elsewhere, mothers of the future were busy at cookery and laundry in model kitchens.

I heard stories of world travel on the school radio, sat in the darkened concert room through a film illustrating social and industrial developments.

AT MY PARTING WITH MY HOST THE HEADMASTER, I FELT LIKE UTTERING THE OLD WATCHMAN'S CRY "ALL IS WELL."

By "The Philosopher"

Why is Macleans 6° Solid Dentifrice



Because it has become so popular. Without stinting quality, Macleans have produced the biggest 6d. Solid Peroxide Dentifrice on the market. It's pure and long-lasting. Especially made for youthful teeth. The children love it!

Secrets of a Society Sleuth

Romance
of a
Runaway
Countess

STAFFORD station on a cold winter's morning didn't look at all enticing. As I, the solitary passenger, got out of the train, the stationmaster came hurrying up to me and inquired: "Are you Mr. Gough?"

"Yes," I said. "What's the matter?"

"You are to return to London immediately."

Again I demanded the why and the wherefore. If I had still been at the Yard, I might have understood the somewhat peremptory manner of the stationmaster; but I was now out of the service, a free agent, as it were, engaged on private work.

I had gone to the Potteries on a delicate mission which could not be dealt with officially, and I was not a little surprised at being hailed by the stationmaster, who went on, with a twinkle in his eye, however, to explain that he was not at all the bearer of bad tidings.

"I've had a message from Euston," he went on, "that you are to catch the Blue Train for Monte Carlo in the morning."

The Blue Train! That conjured up visions of the Sunny South, of blue skies and even bluer seas, the waving palms of Monaco and villas smothered in purple bougainvillea.

REQUEST FOR
SERVICES

The stationmaster could tell me but little more. Apparently an urgent request for my services had reached my wife at our Hampstead home, from an American millionaire we had met a year or two previously.

My task at the Potteries might cost me a lucrative commission, and she had hurried off to Euston asking that I might be intercepted at Stafford.

I could not return to London immediately, what I could do was to hire a car and drive round the various potteries where my mission lay.

And at ten o'clock that night I was speeding back to London, where my wife informed me that John P. Hartington, U.S.A., had sent a telegram ordering me to come down to his villa at Monte Carlo.

SILF
Brand Obese Tablets
REDUCED
BUST - - - 8 inches
WAISTS - - - 6 inches
HIPS - - - 9 inches

REDUCED WEIGHT
3st. 7 lbs.

If you are TOO FAT, putting on weight or "not so slim as you were," here is a letter you must read. This happy lady has lost her weight and at the same time FOUND NEW HEALTH! The years have slipped from her shoulders until she feels 10 years younger! If YOU wish to enjoy her experience, read her letter!

Dear Sirs, Middle-aged I thought you would be interested to know how my wonderful SILF reduced my weight from 12st. to 3st. 7 lbs. I feel absolutely fit and well always, and 10 years younger. My age is 38, and everybody says I do not look it. I thank you for making me so slim again. I am thoroughly recommended to you and to all who are wherever I can.

I forgot to tell you my measurements were: Bust 42 in., Hips 42 in., Waist 34 in. Now, my measurements are: Bust 34 in., Hips 34 in., Waist 24 in., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference.

With everlasting thanks,
Yours sincerely, V. P.

As the superfluous fat is banished so does Perfect Health return. As the body is freed from its inward and outward fetters of fat, so does the system return to its normal functions, the blood flows truly and without distress, weakness and all other untoward symptoms vanish.

Read this statement from a HARLEY ST. SPECIALIST: "For some time past," he writes, "I have tried the effects of your 'SILF' treatment for Obesity and have formed the opinion that it produces most satisfactory results, without any ill-effects."

Full Brand Obese Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 10/- and 15/- per box. You save money by purchasing the larger sizes, or, post free by sending the price to HARLEY ST. SPECIALIST, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. (These prices do not apply to firms, as the necessary rights are claimed in the preparation of this advertisement.)

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up calluses and corns, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn aspirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. Bottle saves untold misery. Money back if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails. At Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all chemists.

Carlo without loss of time—expense no object.

Now, I knew John Hartington rather well. Journeying across the Atlantic pretty frequently had thrown me into his company half a dozen times and more, while I had also run across him on the Riviera.

Like most American millionaires—born adventurers, most of them—he had a hankering for stirring stories. Some of my yarns of old days at the Yard aroused him to confidences.

We became warm friends, and it was understood that if ever the occasion arose I would surely be entrusted with a well-paid job.

Such things happen more often than the public realises. Millionaires have many strange demands upon them.

Next morning then, I boarded the train at Victoria, and if I felt a trifle thrilled at what lay before me, who can wonder!

A limousine-de-luxe met me at the tiny station they possess at the Principality, and after twenty minutes' drive I found myself at John P.'s villa high up in the hills above Monte Carlo.

Dazzlingly white, surrounded by mimosa and tangerine trees, it was really a miniature palace. John P. came down the steps to greet me as I arrived.

He was evidently labouring under some strong emotion. His clean-shaven, strongly-marked face, typically American in its cast, his thick-set, powerful body exuding angry determination, made me realise that something was radically wrong.

Not often had anybody dared to baulk his wishes; I wondered what had happened to him. Had someone robbed him of a million or two?

No, John P. Hartington was just violently, insanely in love—with woman who apparently wanted neither him nor his millions.

One might have smiled covertly, if only inwardly, at the spectacle of this homesy featured, squat little man, rich as he was, sixty years of age, falling in love with any woman—a man already a widower, with a grown-up family.

Yet there it was, John P. Hartington, with fifty million dollars at his command, had run into an entrancingly beautiful Italian woman, a countess, on one of his trips from New York.

It was a case of love at first sight—at any rate on John's part.

COUNTRESS FREE
TO MARRY

From the moment he first spoke to her, down to the time when she had run away from him, he had been her subject, willing slave, he, John P. Hartington, the boss of a corporation employing ten thousand men, with an income that was probably three or four million dollars a year.

But she had steadfastly refused to marry him. He had brought her down to Monte Carlo, spent a fortune buying jewels for her, given her a life that only an American millionaire can give a woman with whom he is infatuated.

Night after night they had gone to the casinos of Monte Carlo and Cannes, a strange couple, no doubt, and one that must have made the suave, cynical maitres d'hotel laugh as they went off to their modest abodes in the early hours of the morning.

Somewhere in the background, apparently, was a husband. The countess had not seen him for years, and she had long lost all affection for him.

John offered to arrange a divorce, but she would have none of it, and told him that if their present platonic friendship did not suit him—well, they had better say good-bye.

He had taken her at her word and returned to the States, leaving behind him with a firm of notaries in Monte Carlo instructions to trace out the husband—buy him off if necessary, anything, in fact, that would free the lovely Countess.

Providence intervened on John's behalf. Some twelve months after John had returned to the States and was vainly trying to drown his sorrows, the notaries wrote him that the husband had died.

The woman was free at last, and he wrote her long, impassioned letters such as he had never thought himself capable of writing, telling her that as soon as his business engagements permitted, he would come over to France to claim her.

He sent her, also, a fabulous sum of money. She had acknowledged it in a cold, formal sort of letter, hoped he was well, and that they might meet some time in the future—nothing more.

Pathetic, of course, and one would

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS THAT THE USUALLY GRIM BUSINESS OF A DETECTIVE IS BRIGHTENED BY AN ASSIGNMENT FAR REMOVED FROM THE REALMS OF CRIME. AND HERE, EX-CHIEF INSPECTOR WILLIAM GOUGH, WHO IS RELATING HIS EXPERIENCES AS A SCOTLAND YARD OFFICER AND LATER AS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, TELLS HOW CUPID BROUGHT HIM A STRANGE ENGAGEMENT, IN AN AFFAIR OF AMERICAN MILLIONS, A BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN COUNTESS, AND A CHASE FOR A BRIDE UNDER THE SUNNY SKIES OF THE RIVIERA.

By Ex-Chief
Inspector
**WILLIAM
GOUGH**

have thought that John would say farewell to his belated romance. But although you can usually wear a woman away from a man, you cannot make a man forget the woman with whom he is desperately in love.

Three or four months elapsed before John could leave his steel mills and go to Europe. When he did arrive in Paris, he took the first train down to Monte Carlo. He had left the Countess the use of his marvellous villa and all its staff; she was neither there, nor had she been at the station to meet him.

In a tearing rage he had demanded the outbursts that had happened to Madame la Contessa. The butler, an Italian, shrugged his shoulders and said he did not know.

Two days previously, telling not even her maid where she was going, she had packed some clothes and just disappeared—where, the butler professed complete ignorance.

For two or three days John was in a state of dementia. Then, when he had calmed down a little, he began to make inquiries among the other servants.

He had been away over-long; there was a rival in the background, a good-looking young Englishman who lived on the Riviera and who seemed to have first claim on the Countess's affections.

They had been seen about everywhere and had fled, it seemed, the moment they heard that John Hartington had arrived in France.

"Well," I said, when I had listened to this long story, "what am I to do

for you? This fellow has committed no offence that the law can touch."

"Wait a minute," said John fiercely. "Have a look at this." He pulled out of his pocket a telegram, written in English. It read: "If you attempt to follow us, I'll

expose you all over America."

I dare say I smiled a trifle at the words, and I have no doubt the clerk in the telegraph office who transmitted it hadn't the faintest idea of its meaning.

"This fellow, I discovered," John continued, "was staying at the Hotel de Paris. I want you to go down there at once find out where he has gone, and when you find him, break his neck. I'm going to get this lilypond remittance man, if it costs me a million."

I could sympathise with poor John, even if I couldn't exactly see myself resorting to the violence that he suggested.

"Where shall I stay?" I asked.

"Here," he said. "I've told the staff you're a friend of mine from London and will probably be staying a week or two."

Well, there were worse ways of spending a holiday. Privately I concluded that the erring couple were now far away and out of John's life for ever.

At the Hotel de Paris my old friend the head porter could, or would, tell me nothing. He knew the young man I described; yes, and he also knew the Countess.

"Where had he gone?"

"That, monsieur"—with such a bland

Two Minutes With The Great
Prince v. Sweep at Cricket

HOW bluff King Edward VII loved a joke. His deep, hearty laugh would ring out when some member of the company told a capital yarn—and "Edward, the Peacemaker," could usually be depended on to cap the tale with something better.

Above all things, Edward VII was a good sport.

Idol of the crowd, he was also the friend of the under-dog, a man born to kingship.

After the drab days of Queen Victoria's long widowhood, England welcomed the accession of this very human monarch, who did so much to revive the ceremonial splendour of the Crown, and by his wisdom and astute diplomacy steered the ship of Empire through many a stormy sea.

To Prince Bulow, the noted German Chancellor, the King thus briefly crystallised his philosophy of statecraft: "Two sensible persons, smoking a good cigar, can agree about anything."

Would that our modern rulers could thus view the problems of the hour!

Whatever he did, whether engaging in momentous negotiations with the leaders of other nations, or following the fortunes of his horses on the Turf, leading-in a

Derby winner, playing cards, attending house parties or mingling with the lowliest of his subjects, King Edward did it with all his heart and soul when he was with the young Prince of Wales playing cricket with the heir to the throne of Edward.

Yes, later, when Mr. Connor was a private soldier taking part in a parade at Aldershot, he ventured to approach the Prince, who was on horseback, and saluting, told him how they had once played cricket together.

The Prince was delighted to recall that game of his childhood, and when the parade was over the ex-sweep was summoned to the orderly room. There he was handed a five-pound note by an officer, who said: "The Prince of Wales left this for you, Connor."



King Edward VII

face that I knew I was wasting my time—I cannot say."

"Had he any money?"

"A little, monsieur. His bill was paid, so we had no reason to take any particular notice of him. Many people stay at the Hotel de Paris during the season."

I called upon one of the Monaco detectives, an acquaintance of many years' standing. He had a warm spot in his heart for John Hartington, who was a tremendous gambler, but as he explained to me:

"What am I to do, Mr. Gough? There has been no complaint about this Englishman; he was free to come and go, as you are. If he turns up again, be sure I shall let you know."

With that I had to be content. John was disappointed, and vehemently so. I told him to take things easy for a day or two; at the back of my head was the idea that some of the servants in the villa might know more than they had revealed.

Now the first thing I unearthed was the fact that the Englishman, who can be called Robert A. Sweep, had been tipping the butler to find out exactly when John was getting back to Europe.

Another and even more significant discovery was that numerous cables had been passing between New York and Monte Carlo asking for information as to John's movements—at the instigation of the Englishman.

Still, that didn't solve the problem of his whereabouts. What was he—mere fortune hunter? The Countess, of course, had plenty of money to spend, which would be out of his control the moment John, in his masterful manner, appeared on the scene.

TELEGRAM GAVE
A CLUE

All I could ascertain about him pointed to him being a type common enough on the Riviera—a well-dressed, good-looking Englishman of good family, possibly living on an allowance, as John said, but quite within his rights in taking the Countess away if she was willing.

I pointed all this out to John, without consoling him in the least.

"Get after him," he shouted. "Spend what you like, but find him."

For three weeks, then, I laboured, quietly watching for a sign.

Then I found that something was going on in the villa the evening I saw one of the maids slip out surreptitiously, casting many glances behind her as she hurried down the long, hilly road into Monte Carlo.

I abandoned my dinner and went after her. She made her way to the post office, and I saw her hand in a telegram. Ten minutes later I got to know its contents; as I surmised, it was addressed to the Countess in Rome. I read enough to understand that it contained a warning of some sort.

I wrote the address down, then I went back to the villa. My work, to all intents and purposes, was over.

John, in a fever of impatience, had to wait all night before he could catch a train to Rome. When I came to breakfast in the morning he had gone—by motor-car, the butler explained, on some urgent matter. I guess that functionary knew something was afoot, but he never let on.

For me there was a hastily-scribbled note and a cheque, plus an invitation to make the villa my home as long as I liked. I amused myself for a day or two and then, nothing transpiring, went back to England.

TWENTY YEARS
YOUNGER!

You may like to know the conclusion of this little romance of blue skies, American millions and a captivating countess.

For two months there was blank silence, and then one day I read in the newspapers that John had married his lady-love after all.

I wrote him a letter of congratulation to his villa at Monte Carlo, and there came a reply that he hoped to be in London shortly, when I must look him up.

It was another four months before I saw him; then came an invitation to his Park Lane hotel. Never did I see such a change in a man; he looked twenty years younger.

And his bride! Well, I could understand why he was nearly off his head when I arrived at Monte Carlo. She was like a picture of Botticelli's, serene and seraphic, with one of those soothing personalities which must have been balm to a man of John's violent temperament.

I did not ask what had happened to the Englishman, but John told me. He was just a fortune-hunter and nothing more; he had even borrowed the fare from the Countess when they left Monte Carlo for Rome, and before they were half-way there he was confessing himself penniless.

"Surely that old Yankee," he had told her brutally, "has given you enough to keep us comfortably for a year or two."

All the way to Rome they were quarrelling. By the time they reached it they were bitter enemies.

The Countess, hot-tempered for all her apparent placidity, declared that this was the end of their brief romance, and they parted at the railway station.

"When I found her," said John, "she was by herself in a big hotel, looking the picture of misery. I never reproached her for what she had done, and we've never mentioned the matter since."

Truly a wonderful man!

**NEXT SUNDAY:
A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS**

"BEAT TO
THE ROPES"

Plumber Reports

"ENERGY AFTER THE FIRST 2 TABLETS"

SENDS THANKS TO

YEAST-VITE

Brand Tablets

Dublin.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to write this letter to you, re your wonderful tonic Yeast-Vite tablets.

I was completely "beat to the ropes" and felt that it was impossible to carry on, it was absolutely impossible for me to exert myself in any way. (I might mention that I am a plumber by trade.) I decided that I would have to give in, and tried under terrible difficulties to finish the first half of my job before dinner. I went home, and, needless to remark, ate no dinner, only lay down exhausted for an hour after my time was up. I decided I would struggle back to my work, and on leaving the house my sister, who was very upset over me, suggested that I try Yeast-Vite tablets.

On reaching a chemist's I procured a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite, and when I arrived at my work swallowed two tablets with a glass of water, and prepared to go off on a job. My helper, who knew of my condition, took up my very heavy kit of tools to carry same, as we were going a fair distance and as sure as I am writing this letter, I had that much energy after the first two tablets, I took the kit of tools myself and carried them the full distance and did my job without the slightest knowledge of my terrible weakness one hour before. I am a constant user of Yeast-Vite now.

I am, dear Sirs,
Yours faithfully,
P. O. C.

18 Words of Wisdom
Trinidad, British West Indies,
20th January, 1939.

Dear Sirs, I have used Yeast-Vite Tablets for the last few years with outstanding success. I always keep them handy. (Signed) C. S.

Recommended
Yeast-Vite to
30 or 40 Sufferers

Jersey, C.I.
6th April, 1939.

Dear Sirs, I decided to write because I have recommended Yeast-Vite Tablets to over 30 or 40 sufferers of different things. My husband has suffered for years, and what it is nobody knows, but since he takes Yeast-Vite he feels much better, and when he went to a surgeon he was told he must have an operation, yet Yeast-Vite has relieved him.

When my baby was born I took Yeast-Vite every day and after. I took them three times a day and they worked wonders; also I took them as a pick-me-up for three months. I cannot speak too highly of them, and if you wish to use this as advice to other sufferers you may publish it with my name and address, wherever you like. The makers of Yeast-Vite should be proud of the comfort they give to thousands of sufferers.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. L. H.

"I AM CONVINCED
ALL YOU CLAIM IS
ABSOLUTELY TRUE"

Dear Sirs, London, S.W.4.
In spite of the fact that I know full well you do not need further praise of "Yeast-Vite," I would like to add my appreciation to the long list.

Having been up all night and feeling the effects thereof, I bought a small bottle of "Yeast-Vite" tablets to see if they would give me some energy. Although I had been feeling run-down for some time previously, I can assure you I was amazed at the difference I found even after one bottle.

As I am still working late, I have invested in another bottle in order that the good effects shall continue.

I would add that I also have Psoriasis, and although at other times when I have had extra work to do I have suffered great discomfort from the spots, this time I have been delighted to find that I have been able to keep them down—at any rate up to the time of writing—so I say, "Thanks to Yeast-Vite."

Of course I am now convinced that all you claim for this preparation is absolutely true, and I was glad to be able to recommend a friend to use it only yesterday, and I am sure she will be very grateful.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Miss J. L.

GRATITUDE EXPRESSED
IN LIGHTER VEIN

S. Wales.
As everybody knows, Yeast-Vite is sold under a definite money-back-if-not-satisfied offer (see below). We are indebted to the gentleman who writes the following letter for this expression of good humour which follows Yeast-Vite good health.

Surrey.
Dear Sirs, Enclosed please find one 1/3 carton, which I am returning to you under your guarantee of refunding money if not satisfied, but as I am completely satisfied, why not send me another package free.

I might mention that if ever I need a tonic, I automatically take Yeast-Vite.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mr. A. F.

GREAT OFFER

After reading the volume of praise published on this page, accept this great offer. If you suffer from

HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, NERVE TROUBLES, DEPRESSION, LASSITUDE, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM that RUN DOWN or "LIFE'S NO GOOD" FEELING—go to your nearest chemist at once and get a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite. If it doesn't "do the trick" in your own particular case, if you don't feel better QUICKLY and get PERMANENT BENEFIT, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Yeast-Vite is sold everywhere at 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

★ THE DAILY DANGER

★ IS IT FAIR TO LET THE FAMILY RUN THIS RISK?

THERE'S not only yourself, but the whole family to think of—not only to-day, but to-morrow and every day! Is it fair to let the whole household run this risk? There's such an easy way to protect them. Make sure you get Izal toilet paper. Each soft smooth sheet of this paper is thoroughly impregnated with Izal, the germicide used in hospitals all over the world. Beware of spongy toilet paper; its use may lead to self-infection. Always ask for Izal, the safe toilet paper.

Spend Sixpence for safety

IZAL
ANTISEPTIC
TOILET ROLLS

★ Also in packets fitting standard holders

NEWTON CHAMBERS & COMPANY LIMITED,
THROCKLEBY, NEAR SHEFFIELD.

YOU CAN HAVE A FREE 3/- TIN IF YOUR CASE IS LIKE Mrs. BEESLEY'S

ACID STOMACH TRAVEL-SICKNESS, DISTURBED SLEEP, SPASMS, CONSTIPATION

Dear Sirs,
For some years I suffered greatly with acid stomach and constipation, often waking with an awful feeling until a mouthful of water came up, and could never take a journey without being sick and feeling really ill when I got home.
On being recommended Birley's Antacid Powder I sent for a trial tin, at first taking it two or three times daily and afterwards almost every night, and I write with pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have received. Soon my trouble was a thing of the past. I got restful nights and complete freedom from acidity, and have made journeys to Ireland, London and other places and returned feeling fresh and well.
I find Birley's quite tasteless and always take a dose when about to make a journey and recommend it whenever I have an opportunity.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) EDITH BEESLEY.

Here is a wonderful opportunity for you to secure a 3/- Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder to give this remarkable remedy a full and complete test. We ask, however, that you yourself stand the cost of postage and special packing, plus the varied clerical expenses of addressing, labelling, checking, dispatching and other incidental costs. A tin of Birley's Antacid Powder is a small sum of sixpence (6d.) all told.

Our faith in Birley's Antacid Powder is shown by the nature of our Gift. We could not afford to offer to you Free were we Birley's.

FREE 3/- TIN REQUEST FORM No. 86
AVAILABLE UNTIL SAT., JUNE 3, 1939

FORMS posted after this date cannot be accepted

Dear Sirs—Please send me a return a FREE 3/- Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder. I have been suffering for 2 months years similarly to the case published in your paper of 22nd May 1939. I have not yet received my 3/- Tin before and this being a home-life request please send one to me as I wish to make a thorough test of this remedy in my case. I enclose Postal Order (cannot be accepted value sixpence (6d.) to defray ALL the delivery expenses.

Send your Request Form to—**BIRLEY'S ANTACID FACTORY,** Pentonville Rd., King's X, London, N.1

Leave Blank for Office Use

New Applicant's SIGNATURE (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

POSTAL ADDRESS

The last day for receipt of application from this Announcement is Monday, June 5, next. Post in sealed envelope bearing full stamp.

TAKE BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

When the GIRLS Go Down To PLAY

By BETTY BLUE

WHATEVER your type you can find a play-suit to suit it. If you prefer trim, workmanlike holiday togs, there are dungaree trouser outfits. A pair of navy dungarees are worn over a pale blue or yellow shirt. They have side zip fastenings, two big pockets, and brace straps over the shoulders.

✧ Navy beach trousers, short red flannel jacket and red and white horizontal stripe pullover, have a nautical air for cruising. And here's a fascinating holiday novelty. You can buy coloured "emblems" to appliqué on flannel jackets—anchors, boats, tennis racquets, all kinds of appropriate play things. You just stick them on and press them with a hot iron. They are bought in packets, assorted.

✧ Shorts are more skirt like and cut with a slight flare. Paris has designed some for the French beaches which resemble a Highlander's kilt, so heavily are they pleated. Little matching boleros are now worn with shorts.

✧ In the photograph you see all-in-one shorts in navy blue wool jersey. White embroidery trims belt and pockets. The beach bag is crocheted in white or linen yarn.

✧ If you are one of the lucky slims, wear one of the new fitted beach coats over the play-suit. These short-sleeved coats are cut closely to the waist and finish in a widely flared knee-length skirt. In coloured and gaily patterned cottons, the coats are lined with white terry towelling.

✧ On my shopping round I saw a bargain which made me think of summer dressing for the house—a curtain material which will stand up to sun and sea air. It is of strong, closely woven cotton with a contrast candlewick stripe.

✧ The design came originally from Holland, but it is now made in this country. Colours are guaranteed fast. You can get it in cream or pale green with a yellow and orange stripe, in blue with cream and orange stripes, in brick red, blue or tomato with cream stripes. The price is 11s. 11d. a yard, width 46 inches.

✧ If you would like to have some of this material I will willingly shop for you. Just write to me, "Betty Blue," "The People," Acre House, 72, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Be sure to register all cash, and cross postal orders and cheques.

My Household ABC. By Mrs. "X"

Prizes of 5s. will be awarded for the best Household Hints beginning with A, B, C. Entries must be written on postcards (not envelopes) and addressed to "Mrs. X," "The People," 72, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They should reach this office no later than Wednesday, May 31.

DRESSMAKERS at home will find the easiest way to unpick seams is with an old razor blade.

ENAMEL saucepans should be kept clean by washing with hot soapy water.

BILL & BUNTY

By THEIR "MA"

TO-MORROW Bill and his Dad are going for a day's biking together. Yesterday morning Bill started tinkering about with his bike, decided that something was wrong with the pedal. His father (who dearly loves to have something to pull to pieces) goes out to help him, and between them they've got the pedal off. There wasn't much wrong, apparently, but the trouble was getting it on again.

By the time Dad had barked his knuckles and Bill had let two screws run down the drain in the yard, I could see there was a family row brewing. So I just stepped out and suggested they took the machine down to the bicycle shop before it cooled.

By the time they'd brought the bike back I'd got their favourite scones ready for tea—that helped to make things more amiable.

Talking of food, Bunty's not best pleased at being on plain food this last day or two. I'm taking her on a coach ride in the country to-morrow, and don't want her car-sick—she'll only get milk and cereal for breakfast to-morrow and not much to drink, but I always have some barley sugar for her to suck on the journey. It's fine for preventing car-sickness and keeps her quiet and contented besides.

CHEERY COONS' CORNER

"LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS SHEARED HER SHEEP"

WE have heard so many times now Little Bo-Peep lost her sheep, but we never hear how she *sheared* them! If she did it in the modern method, she would simply pull a cord and set cutters in motion. With these cutters a sheep loses its wool in less than four minutes.

Goodness, what a noise there is on a big sheep-shearing time! The engine which sets the cutters in motion is a noisy little thing, but it always roars, belts attached to the engine go slap, slap, in the Spring sunshine, the cutters buzz, the sheep baa.

In far-off Australia as many as 70,000 sheep on one farm or station wait to be sheared. After each one has had a mark cut on her back, so that the owner can always tell his own sheep, the animals are driven into a big, big yard, where hungry bleating lambs are waiting for their mummies.

A huge cloud of dust rises as sheep and lambs run here and there to find one another. At first the lamb does not recognize its mummy without her long, warm coat, but when she does, she becomes more frisky than ever!

17 YEARS UNDERGROUND

Have you ever heard about the 17-year "locust" and how it got this funny name? At first the insect (he lives in the United States and Canada) is without wings and looks like a tiny fat ant. He lives in the ground for 17 years, burrowing back and forth in utter darkness. He feeds upon root juices. These he gets by poking about with his sharp beak.

At the end of 17 years, great swarms of these insects come out into the air and sunshine. Many do not enjoy their freedom long. They lay their eggs and soon die, their new name is cicada. You must ask Eb how to pronounce it.

Flo took the Twins out into the country a day or two ago and they had a splendid time picking flowers in the fields. When Flo put a big daisy in her hat, the Twins thought she looked like Minnie Mouse, but Flo, when she saw how

FOR cutting cakes of soap, the easiest way is to use a fine piece of string.

GIVE the family coconut-kisses for tea. Beat four egg whites till stiff, then add 6 oz. of sugar gradually. Beat until the mixture holds its shape. Fold in 1 lb. of desiccated coconut. Prepare a buttered tin and drop the mixture in small heaps from a spoon. Bake in a slow oven with decreasing heat until pale brown.

HAVE spinach salad on a hot day for lunch. This is an excellent beauty treatment for your skin. Cook the spinach in the ordinary way, drain and allow to cool. Chop and mix with mayonnaise and season well. Arrange on lettuce leaves and decorate with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

If you use a liquid powder base it will be much more even if applied with a small rubber sponge.

JUST remember, if you have an old towel which is worn out in the middle, that you can use it. Cut a hole for your head and place it over your shoulders to protect your clothes when washing your hair.

KEEP your armchair covers clean by cutting pieces of material to go over the arms. Fix them to the corners with press-studs.

LET the cold tap run for a few moments in the morning before filling the drinking-water jug. This will remove the water which has remained in the pipes overnight.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL should be kept clean by dusting and polishing with a piece of soft silk.

NEW potatoes will be much easier to scrape if you soak them in cold salt water for about ten minutes first.

OFTEN gloves have a contrasting coloured stitching. After washing them, fill the fingers with tissue paper to prevent any marks showing when they have dried.

PAINT can be removed from glass by rubbing with wet vinegar. Leave the vinegar to dry and remove with a soft cloth.

QUITE a useful gadget to have in the house is a fruit juice squeezer. This will save a lot of time and will extract the last drop of juice.

READER'S request for freckle cure: Bathing the freckles occasionally with lemon juice helps. A shady hat, too, is necessary for the skin which freckles easily. But some skins inevitably freckle in summer.

SHOES with a crepe sole and buckle fasteners are ideal for the man of the family during holiday times. They are long-wearing and a reasonable price.

To make your salads more interesting, add a little chopped apple to the dish. This will give a delicious flavour.

Five shillings has been sent to the following readers for hints beginning with V, W, X.

VERY good idea for new bath towels is to bind them each side with narrow tape. It will strengthen them and prevent them being torn.—M. Curtis, 22, Linden-gate, Notting Hill Gate, W.2.

WHEN a coat lining starts to wear round the armholes, stitch black-blinding all round, catching both sides of the seam.—Mrs. Annie Tong, 4, Park-rd., Rosyth, Scotland.

EXTRAORDINARILY good flavour is obtained from stewing two or three bananas with 1 lb. gooseberries. Not so much sugar is required as usual.—Mrs. E. Dick, 8, Hastings-st., Sunderland.

A Little Lamb In the Kitchen

By "HOUSEWIFE"

SPRING is welcomed by everyone for various reasons, and housewives are glad of the variety it brings into menus. This is the time of year when vegetables, fruits, etc., come into their own again. And especially good just now is lamb.

This lends itself to many tasty dishes—stewed lamb and peas, lamb pie, cold lamb rolls—there are any amount of them.

How do you cook spring lamb? Everyone has their pet recipe. Send yours in to me, and the best I receive will be published. A prize of 5s. will be sent to the readers whose recipes are printed.

Send your recipes on a postcard (not enclosed in an envelope) addressed to "Housewife," Lamb, c/o "The People," Acre House, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to reach me not later than Wednesday, May 31.

Here are last week's prizewinners:—
MACARONI A LA CREME

INGREDIENTS: 1 lb. macaroni, 1 pint cream, 1 pint stock, 1 slice of onion, 1 slice of carrot, 4 lb. mushrooms, 3 table-spoons butter, 2 table-spoons flour, 2 table-spoonsful oil.

Break the macaroni into three-inch pieces and put in saucepan with 2 quarts boiling water and salt, boil for 30 minutes. Mix flour with small quantity of stock, then add remainder of stock.

Pour this into a saucepan, add quickly carrot, onion, pepper and salt to taste. Mushrooms and butter. Bring slowly to boil, then move the pan to side of the fire and allow to simmer for 20 minutes. Rub mixture through a strainer and add the cream.

Drain the macaroni well. Put into the saucepan, cook for five minutes longer and serve very hot.—Mrs. M. Woodcock, 48, Fulmer-rd., Hunter's Bar, Sheffield, 11.

KIDNEY SAVOIR

REQUIRED: 4 oz. macaroni, 3 oz. butter, 6 sheep's kidneys, 1 table-spoonful grated cheese, parsley, salt and pepper.

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, then drain it well. Melt half the butter in a saucepan, put in the macaroni, sprinkle with the grated cheese and a little pepper and stir over the fire until very hot.

Skin the kidneys, cut them through the centre, without separating them, and remove hard muscle. Fry quickly in the remaining melted butter over a quick fire until done.

Dish on a hot dish with the macaroni arranged round, garnish with parsley and lemon juice helps. A shady hat, too, is necessary for the skin which freckles easily. But some skins inevitably freckle in summer.

GOOSEBERRY PUDDING

PUT a shallow layer of green gooseberries into a buttered pie dish. Scatter sugar and a little grated lemon peel over them, then put a thick layer of macaroni (boiled). Add further layers.

Sift breadcrumbs over the top, with a little butter on them, and bake in a moderate oven until the fruit is done.—Mrs. D. M. Evans, London-row, Caldicot, Chepstow, Mon.

"THE PEOPLE" PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

No. 512—SUMMER TWO-PIECE

SOMETHING cool for mother to wear is a ketchikan-style dress. The straight lines of the dress and short chiton give height and a slenderizing effect to the really full figure. In this patterned design long sleeves are included. Both sleeves and coat. The soft folds of the revere are becoming, and narrow waist-belt is carried out in the same material as dress to continue the unbroken lines of this slim-making style.

Size 40-in. bust takes 8½ yds. 36-in. material. Sizes 36, 40, 44, 48 and 52-in.

Paper patterns of No. 512, with diagrams and full instructions for making up, are obtainable from "The People" Paper Pattern Service, 72, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, price 7d. each post free.

Postal orders should be crossed "P. & Co." when ordering.

State No. 512 and size required. Name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. You will need the sketch for reference.

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Soak FALSE TEETH — DON'T SCRUB THEM

Soak your denture overnight in water plus Milton Denture Powder—and see how clean and comfortable it feels next morning. No scrubbing restores the natural colour so quickly—or shifts old stains so completely. The denture is sterilized, too. 6d, 1/-, 1/2 of all chemists.

MILTON DENTURE POWDER



Lashes made longer! New "stimulene" ingredient in Tattoo Mascara actually grows lashes!



While Tattoo makes lashes silky, it's strengthening them, making them longer! Tattoo contains a marvelous new ingredient (stimulene) that strengthens lashes... actually stimulates growth! Eyes are softly shadowed... look brighter, larger, stary! That curtain of lustrous lashes gives them a new allure! Because it is supermashed (most finely ground) Tattoo goes on with an easy-to-apply, certain, headless sweep. Never smears or runs, or looks 'sooty'! Can't smart! Stays on and on! For your eyes... Tattoo glamour!

Black 'Brown' Blue Cream Mascara 2/6, in chain-fastener sachet. Cake Mascara 2/6, in end-opening case.

Other Tattoo Products: Lipstick, Compact Rouge, Face Powder—all silk share the Tattoo secret of subtle charm. Each is designed to harmonize with the others. Try them all!

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Murder Hunts In Two Counties

BLONDE AIDS DETECTIVES

POLICE DIG GROUNDS AT MAN'S HOME

Special to "The People"

INTENSE POLICE ACTIVITY YESTERDAY, IN REGARD TO THE MURDER OF TWO WEALTHY MEN, INVOLVED A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD BLONDE, WHO WAS ASKED TO AID IN THE QUEST FOR ONE OF THE KILLERS.

Victim of this murder was sixty-four-years-old Walter Dinneen, of Poole-rd., Branksome, who was found battered to death.

His fate led to the discovery that, for years, he had been leading a double life—respectable citizen and property-owner by day; host to numerous women at night.

Chief-Inspector Burt, of Scotland Yard, who is in charge of investigations, believes that one of Dinneen's women friends is holding back vital information.

Hence the blonde's co-operation in yesterday's inquiries.

Police are concentrating on a small district in Bournemouth where Dinneen was known to have had many women associates and to have visited many night haunts.

"AGITATED YOUNG MAN"

A story concerning "an agitated young man" who caught a Bournemouth train at Branksome Station without a ticket shortly after the time when it is believed that Mr. Dinneen was killed was investigated yesterday by detectives. The man, aged about twenty-five, is said to have run into the station and to have caught a train just as it was moving off. The station is about 300 yards from the dead man's house.

The other murder now engaging police attention is that of William Alfred Lewis, wealthy bachelor, fifty-nine years of age, found battered to death in a bedroom at his home—Plasmon House, Pontypool.

All day yesterday police were digging up the grounds of the house in the hope of discovering the weapon with which Lewis was killed.

Wage Worry Of Husband-To-Be

WAS TO WED TO-MORROW: FOUND KILLED

From Our Own Correspondent

Christchurch, Saturday.

QUESTIONS ABOUT HIS EARNINGS WERE PUT TO A GIRL, WHO WAS TO HAVE BEEN MARRIED ON WHIT MONDAY, WHEN SHE GAVE EVIDENCE TO-DAY AT THE INQUEST ON HER FIANCE.

The man, Sidney Maurice Paulley, twenty-four, a grocer's assistant, of Roydene, Glenville-rd., Walkford, Highcliffe, near here, vanished yesterday.

To-day, his decapitated body was found on the main Bournemouth-London line a mile from his home.

APPEARED HAPPY

At the inquest this afternoon, when a verdict of suicide while the balance of mind was disturbed was recorded, the girl Paulley was to have married said that he was looking forward to marriage and appeared quite happy.

The girl, Miss Helena Ethel Jones, twenty-two, a New Million domestic servant, whose home is at Oakdale-ave., Totton, Southampton, added that she and Paulley had been engaged for three years.

The coroner, Mr. P. B. Ingoldby, said: "Did he tell you what his wages were?"

"He told me he had £2 10s. a week."

"As his wages were only £1 12s. 6d. it would not have been easy for you to have kept house?"

"I would have had no idea of marrying. It would have been out of the question."

The coroner: "So far as you knew he had no worry?"

"No. He did not tell me of any, and he was always happy."

FIREMAN'S DISCOVERY

Addressing the jury, the coroner said that if Paulley's wages were only £2 10s. a week, instead of £2 10s. a week, he had a good deal to worry about.

The foreman of the jury said that Paulley had other sources of income.

For the past ten years Paulley had been employed by a Milton firm, and he and Miss Jones were going to live in apartments prior to taking a bungalow.

Yesterday, at about mid-day, Paulley left his place of employment to go home to lunch, but did not arrive, and his absence was reported to the police.

This morning his body was found lying across the line by a fireman on a Waterloo to Bournemouth train, who reported the matter at Christchurch.

In a lane near by, Paulley's bicycle and a satchel containing money which he had collected on behalf of his firm were found.

"My son has not been ill but has seemed down during the past few days," his father told me. "But he has never mentioned worry at home."

Miss Jones, who is almost prostrate with grief, said:

"He kissed me good-by on Friday morning before he went to work and seemed quite happy then."

Radio's Two Know-All

Special to "The People"

MORE THAN A MILLION PEOPLE TELEPHONE THE B.B.C. EVERY YEAR, AND, AS MANY OF THEM HAVE ACQUIRED THE "WANT-TO-KNOW" HABIT, TWO OF THE SWITCHBOARD GIRLS NOW STAFF A SPECIAL INFORMATION DEPARTMENT.

They are the "Know-alls of Radio"—Miss Gertrude Adcock and Miss Rowena Pratt, who know more about the B.B.C. than any other person.

Inquirers can ring Welbeck 4468 and now learn all they want to know about Arthur Askey's eyes or how many children Director-General Ogilvie has.

When the B.B.C. decided to start this department a few weeks ago, they selected their two most cool-headed telephone operators.

The girls made their name on "The Fleet's Lit Up" night.

During the three hours that followed Tommy Woodroffe's historic commentary, the B.B.C. telephone never stopped ringing. A record number of people phoned up, some chuckling with glee and others rumbling with indignation. Miss Adcock and Miss Pratt gave the soft answers that turned away wrath and punctured the chuckles.

They are both on duty from 9.30 a.m. every week-day until 5.30 at night, and alternate late duty until 10.30 each night.

Their busiest time is Monday night, when hundreds of listeners telephone to dispute Inspector Hornleigh's solution of the "Monday Night at Seven" mystery. They average 33 calls to the hour then.

'PHONE LINK-UP

Their "top" was 183 calls immediately following a recent Hitler speech, when inquirers wanted to know when the translation would be broadcast.

The girls are linked with "P.B.X.," the B.B.C. private telephone exchange over which Mrs. Rouse, smiling quiet-voiced supervisor, presides.

P.B.X. handles more than 90,000 calls each month, about 1,000 of which are to and from the Continent and the U.S.A.

There are 22 telephonists, all of them able to speak at least two foreign languages fluently, and never fewer than 12 are on duty between 9.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. every day.

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During the

YOU get



...ful Wind?

...saturated' Magnesia

...LL-TALE' TONGUE

...STIPATION

...INVALUABLE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

...LOWAYS PILLS

...BE TOO FAT!

...TREATMENT ENDS LES

...blessing to humanity

...GERMOLOIDS have given mar-

...LES

...TREATMENT ENDS LES

...blessing to humanity

...GERMOLOIDS have given mar-

"Man o' the People" writes on—"THINGS THAT MATTER TO YOU AND ME" Let's Talk IT OVER



...LIFE is a great adventure! It was the King speaking; the King, whose own life has been a great adventure, bravely accepted and steadfastly pursued. His simple words fell slowly but resolutely. They were heard in millions of homes throughout the Empire and, indeed, the world. They were a challenge to all of us in these difficult times "to blaze, by thought and service, a trail to better things."

There can be a difference between loyalty and pride, but we have a right to be proud of the King.

Every speech he makes is a triumph of personal courage. By nature he was intensely shy and handicapped, moreover, by a stammer which it has taken years of patient effort to overcome.

Now, though his public speeches are still an ordeal to him, no gift of oratory could better their effectiveness. By thought and service he has won to fine achievement.

TO make life the adventure it ought to be men need to think as well as serve. The unadventurous mind takes too much, for granted. It "explores old avenues," but blazes no new trails.

Many of us take the Empire for granted. Last Wednesday morning I would wager that for every ten people who knew it was Derby Day there was more than one who remembered that it was also Empire Day.

One wouldn't, of course, reasonably expect the public to forgo its thoughts of Epsom and to ponder upon the significance of the Red Ensign rather than the chances of Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter. But it is curious, nevertheless, how little the British Empire really means to so many British subjects.

The King, in his Empire Day broadcast, reminded us of the duties inherent in our proud heritage.

Peace Front Grows Stronger

NOW that some form of pact with Russia seems certain of early conclusion and the "Peace Front" grows so strong that it can meet any challenge, I think that royal reminder has become all the more necessary and appropriate.

"Hold fast," said the King, "to all that is just and of good report in the heritage which your fathers left you, but strive also to improve and equalise that heritage for all men and women in the years to come."

That doesn't mean merely our fellow-countrymen: it means all men and women everywhere. "The key to all true progress lies in faith, hope and love."

Perhaps I am reading more into the King's words than he intended, but I don't think so, for it is clearly the first duty of statesmanship in these troublous times to convince all the world of our own friendly intent.

In Germany they are talking of "encirclement" as though that were our political intention. There is, of course, no truth in this, but it is easy to understand how simple folk in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, men and women who hate war just as we do, may feel dismayed by the apparent leaguings of the world against them.

That is, perhaps, the chief danger in the much-improved European situation. It is so easy to grow arrogant with increasing strength and to become patronising with gaining confidence.

Firmness is still necessary; resistance to any fresh threat of force is essential and must be uncompromising.

But it is not enough for us to be stronger than any would-be aggressor. Our final aim must be to dispose of the probable causes of future wars. No enduring peace can be established by any one nation or group of nations.

Europe's "peace front" will never be solid until every European country is lined up therein honestly and unaggravatedly.

THIS could be a splendid world to live in if only we did not lose so easily and so soon that tang of adventure in the taste of life.

...having a good time," and nothing so unimaginative as the stale old ways such people follow to have it—or to kill it.

The true adventure of life must be—decently—shared.

Romances Of The Commonplace

NOBODY who has read the grand, sad sea story of the American submarine Squalus can have missed the authentic stir of adventure in that tale of heroism and sacrifice.

One man, Lloyd Maness, the giant electrician whose single strength closed the bulkhead against the deadly pressure of the sea, emerges as the conspicuous figure in this drama.

On the far side of that bulkhead were 26 of his comrades, six of his special mates and one close friend. Without a moment's hesitation he closed the door on their lives. It was his plain duty and he did not shrink it.

It doesn't need much imagination to share the thrill of the terrible adventure, and the call to service are gradually re-absorbing many of the "forgotten" men and women.

But I see no sign of any brave and imaginative adventure to cure this modern scourge. Tired old minds explore the same old avenues. They do not think of the workless as living men and women, but only as a troublesome economic problem which may never be solved at all.

They are wrong. Germany has solved the problem after a fashion. She has solved it badly, because her sense of values has been perverted. She thinks guns of more worth than butter, and compulsion better than freedom.

But at least she has put her idle hands back to some kind of work again. If we had the courage and the determination, we could do better than Germany has done.

For we have a goodly heritage, and it could be improved and equalised for all to share.

THE Crown, by tradition, can take no direct part in politics, but you may be very sure that the King is deeply concerned by unemployment, particularly among young people.

Years before he came to the throne, the King took a keen personal interest in all our own "youth movements." He believed strongly in bringing together

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THE WORLD ON PARADE

Conquest To-day Is A Luxury

PRICE of modern conquest—luxury which Dictators, but not nations, seem to enjoy—is going up. Signor Mussolini wanted an Empire. By annexing Abyssinia and Albania he has got one, such as it is. What of the cost?

Before the armoured might of Italy thrust its way through Abyssinia the budget was for about £230,000,000. War brought extraordinary expenditure in first year of more than £100,000,000. In 1936-37 that expenditure had increased to nearly seven times that sum; and in four years ending last June budget deficits had reached a total of nearly £500 million.

Now that the date of calling up the recruits under the new Military Service Act has been fixed this summer, we shall have under arms for the first time in the country's history when at peace more than 1,000,000 men.

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"The People's" Own Secret Service News

IF THE WAR SCARE IS OVER BY AUTUMN, MR. CHAMBERLAIN WILL DECLARE A GENERAL ELECTION. OCTOBER IS THE MONTH PROVISIONALLY CHOSEN. MR. CHAMBERLAIN WILL LEAD HIS GOVERNMENT TO THE COUNTRY, STAY IN OFFICE TILL CHRISTMAS IF HE GETS A MAJORITY, AND THEN HAND OVER THE PREMIERSHIP.

Sir John Simon is fighting hard for the succession. When the National Government was formed, there was an unwritten agreement that all three parties—Conservative, National Labour and Liberal—should have a turn.

A "Halifax Forgery Letter" will create a stir in Parliament soon. It is written on Foreign Office paper, to a person in the Balkans, and purports to bear the signature of Lord Halifax. That signature is being challenged.

Several British Secret Service agents have been in Spain during the last few weeks. Their preliminary reports are reassuring. They do not think Gibraltar is in danger. But Admiralty agents have also been in Portugal "looking-up" ports for the use of British warships, just in case.

A joint Mission of British and French Air Officers is sharing out aerodromes in Northern France between British and French Air Forces. British fighters would ascend from these aerodromes and attack German bombers while they were flying across France and Belgium and the North Sea.

Britain's aircraft output has now reached so comfortable a stage that big monthly deliveries of aircraft and engines are to be made to France.

Mussolini's generals do not trust Hitler, even if the Duce does—and that is daily growing more doubtful. When Mussolini told them that a German military mission from the German General Staff was to inspect Italy's defences, they implored him not to let the Germans see their main Brenner defences. Mussolini agreed. For if those forts are ever used they will only be against one foe—Germany.

And the Germans might ask why Mussolini had to fortify himself with so much steel and concrete against his friends.

In an attempt to get gold, Hitler is trying to sell millions of pounds' worth of arms and munitions which he seized from the Skoda factories to the South American Republics. Cut prices are being quoted.

Nuns in several parts of Austria are being given three weeks by the Nazi authorities to get out of their convents. If they refuse, they are warned that fake charges of immorality will be brought against them and the treasures in their nunneries will be confiscated.

Archduke Otto, his mother the ex-Empress Zita, and his sisters have asked the Hungarian Government if they may return.

Negotiations are proceeding between the Monarchist group and the Government. The Monarchists say that the return of the royal family would reunite the nation and prevent it falling under German domination.

Several British diplomats will get big rewards in the next Honours List. There will be knighthoods and Companionship of the Bath for men who have been working night and day be-

hind the scenes in Paris, Moscow, Ankara and Warsaw to preserve peace.

Plans are ready for transferring the key officials of the more important State Departments to the country if war comes. Ordinary routine work would be carried on in London, but direction and administration would be from "base headquarters" in the West and Midlands.

Latest plans in Moscow are that M. Litvinoff should visit London, Paris and Washington soon as a Russian Ambassador—at large.

Several former Cabinet Ministers are to back Lord Stonehaven, ex-Chief of the Conservative Party organisation, in opposing Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that Germany's colonies might be handed back. They include Lord Harlech, Mr. L. S. Amery and Lord Wolmer.

Lichtenstein, the little principality whose one-man army died a few weeks ago, is the next minnow for the Hitler pike's jaws. An Economic Mission has been sent to see the Prince, ostensibly to talk about trade relations, but actually to warn him that his country will be starved out unless he joins the Reich.

Serious discontent has broken out among troops in the German army of occupation in Bohemia. Several regiments have had to be sent home, where they are now confined to barracks.

The black republic of Liberia, concerned over German ambitions in Africa, has asked the U.S.A. to declare Liberia as an American Protectorate. In return it offers a Liberian harbour for the American Navy. President Roosevelt is considering the matter.

A group of senior Staff Officers from the War Office has gone to Warsaw. Plans for the defence of Poland are being discussed with the Polish General Staff.

Almshouse Bride-To-Be Is 72 Years Old

CUPID HAS BEEN AT WORK AT ST. MARYLEBONE ALMSHOUSES IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD TERRACE, N.W., WHERE MISS ANNIE EVANS, SEVENTY-TWO, AND MR. THOMAS WHITE, SIXTY-SEVEN-YEARS-OLD WIDOWER, ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.



Graham Moffatt in the new Will Hay comedy, "Ask a Policeman," at the Empire, London.

SHADED, BUT NOT IN THE SHADE



This is the kind of spectacle that helps to brighten Britain's holiday beaches.

"Cats," Thought The Dog AND SAVED 2 MILES OF DIGGING

REX, THE HOME OFFICE TRAINED LABRADOR RETRIEVER, SMELLED OUT FOURTEEN IMAGINARY CATS—AND SAVED THE POST OFFICE TWO MILES OF DIGGING.

Sixteen miles of cables connected to the new Post Office "Anti-Sunspot" Trans-Atlantic Radiotelephone Receiving Station being built at Cooling Marshes, near Rochester, are buried under three feet of earth.

It was noticed that the air in the outer copper tube, which is pumped in to maintain a high electrical insulation, was leaking through a number of minute punctures.

The leakages put the cable and consequently the station out of action and might have led to serious damage by permitting the infiltration of water into the cable. How to find the leaks was the problem.

Mr. H. S. Lloyd, who trains police-dogs for the Home Office, solved it.

A gas that smelt strongly of "cats"—that is how the Post Office put it—was introduced into the air pumped into the cable.

Then they led Rex over the path of the cable and every time Rex smelt cats he set about digging furiously.

Rex, in all, "started" 14 "cats" and thus enabled repairs to be made without digging up the two miles of the cable affected.

REWARDED WITH MEAT

Mr. Lloyd, who lives at Ickenham, Middlesex, said last night that "the special training of Rex took about a month."

"We used a chemical with a sulphuric smell to make Rex associate cats with his food," he said. "The gas that came from the leaks was not enough to be noticed by a human being, but Rex soon found it."

"Whenever he started digging, we introduced a piece of meat into the hole to reward and encourage him."

"Rex has been everything from an ordinary shooting-dog to a police patrol dog. He is 3½ years old and was bred by me for the Home Office."



IT'S A BULL!
One of the charms of archery as practised on the beach at Sandown, Isle of Wight.

GERMAN-POLAND TRADE AMITY

Berlin, Saturday. German imports from Poland to Danzig have been settled for the next three months, following conversations this week under the German-Polish economic agreement.

Several questions especially concerning Danzig, and questions on the Bohemia-Moravia Protectorate, were settled, it is declared.—Reuter.

FOUGHT IN 100 BATTLES

Algiers, Saturday.

France's oldest soldier, who fought for Napoleon III in the Mexican campaign in 1861, has just celebrated his 108th birthday. An Algerian, Mohamed Bouagiz, he took part in 16 campaigns and 100 battles. He returned to his native village of Ain-Tabiat in 1876, and has remained there ever since.—Reuter.

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1

"THE doctor who writes his prescriptions in an illegible scrawl should be regarded as Public Enemy Number One. He should be made to typewrite them."

So said Mr. T. Frogarty, head of the West Hill Institutes, London, at the conference of the Faculty of Teachers in Commerce at Scarborough yesterday.

He urged the teaching of typewriting in all schools.

King and Queen Enjoy a "Day Off" on Tour HOLIDAY IN HEART OF ROCKIES

BUFFALO MEAT FOR DINNER AFTER COWBOYS' SEND-OFF

Banff, Alberta, Saturday.

AMIDST THE MAGNIFICENT SCENERY IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, THE KING AND QUEEN ARE ENJOYING THE FIRST RESPITE IN THEIR LONG JOURNEY ACROSS CANADA. THEY REACHED THE BEAUTIFUL RESORT OF BANFF LAST NIGHT, AND NOW, FOR 36 HOURS, THEY ARE ON HOLIDAY.

Plans for to-day included a motor ride into the Rockies—the King taking with him his cine-camera. At their Majesties' request, there were no official ceremonies.

At the Banff Hotel where their Majesties are staying, the chef, Mr. Philip Vignal, had prepared a wide range of local delicacies for the Royal menu, including buffalo meat and Rocky Mountain trout.

Cowboys and Red Indians gave the King and Queen a great send-off from Calgary. Their Majesties received gifts from Indians when they made an unscheduled halt at an Indian encampment in Calgary.

At the end of the visit the Indians spontaneously broke into the National Anthem.

INDIANS' GIFTS

Their Majesties were charmed and surprised when the Indians produced a home-worked beaded tobacco pouch, which they presented to the King, and a pair of beaded gloves, which was given to the Queen.

Their Majesties' car passed 500 Indians in full dress, who were lined up in front of their 30 wigwams. The King stopped the car, and the Royal passengers alighted on buffalo skins spread out by the Indians.

Headed by seven chiefs and 23 minor chiefs, many of whom were on horseback, the Indians greeted the King and Queen with low bows, while braves beat drums and chanted a welcome.

While the King and Queen are enjoying the first day of their hard-earned week-end rest at Banff, the holiday resort in the Rocky Mountains, one of the happiest men in Canada is Mr. William L. Morrison, an engine-driver.

It was revealed to-day that when Mr. Morrison boarded the Royal train at Medicine Hat yesterday, to drive it to Calgary, he was asked by His Majesty to pose with the Queen for a photograph.

"It was this way," said Mr. Morrison, "I thought to myself it would be a grand thing if I could get a wee snap of the Queen to be taking back for the folks at home. I was trying for it with my wee camera when the King saw me and beckoned to me to come down from the engine."

"I climbed down and their Majesties talked to me. They did that!"

"I told the Queen that, 36 years ago, I saw her home, Glamis Castle."

"The King then put the Queen and myself alongside the engine and took a picture."

"I hope he sends me one, and I think he will, maybe."—B.U.P.

(See also Page Five)

BRITONS FLOCK TO PARIS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Paris, Saturday.

PARIS changed hands to-day. Deserted by its inhabitants, it was taken over by British tourists, who occupied all the best sight-seeing vantage points and cafés.

They were strongly supported by French people from the provinces. Real holiday weather prevailed.

All records for passengers at Le Bourget Airport went overboard yesterday, when 345 left and 556 arrived, making a total of 901.

Two hundred and thirty-four trains were pressed into service to-day—160 to take people away from the capital, and 66 to bring others in. To-morrow 63 extra trains will help the exodus and 58 bring in the invaders.

At Calais yesterday 4,500 passengers arrived from Dover, while 2,300 left for England.

Too Big To Escape Fire

TOO BIG TO GET THROUGH A WINDOW, BY WHICH HER DAUGHTER HAD ALREADY ESCAPED, FIFTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD MRS. MARIE JOSEPHINE HUNT, A WIDOW, OF HURST-ST., CENTRAL BIRMINGHAM, WAS TRAPPED IN HER BLAZING HOME.

Firemen found her, seriously burned, in a third-storey bedroom. She died in hospital.

That story was told at a Birmingham inquest yesterday, at which a verdict of accidental death was returned.

Hilda Veronica Hunt, eighteen, said that she and her mother, awakened by shouts, found the storey below on fire. When she opened the bedroom door clouds of smoke rolled in and she and her mother went to the window.

People in the street got a ladder and she went down it wearing pyjamas.

"Mother," Miss Hunt said, "would not go first. She said she would get stuck in the window, and made me go."

A neighbour said the mother made an attempt to follow the girl but could not do so owing to her size.

A POSER!



"What are you doing for Whitsun, driver?"

CHURCHILL MAY BE NAVY CHIEF

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

BIG CHANGES ARE COMING IN THE CABINET—THOUGH THEY ARE NOT EXPECTED FOR A MONTH OR SO.

Mr. Chamberlain realises that there is growing public criticism of some of his Ministers.

There is a growing feeling, too, that the Cabinet is not nearly so strong as it ought to be.

None of the Ministers has been so blatantly neglectful that the Prime Minister could decently call on him to resign.

So some will be promoted to the House of Lords.

Mr. Oliver Stanley, president of the Board of Trade, will probably go to the House of Lords.

Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Health, and Sir Thomas Inskip, Secretary for the Colonies, are also marked out for possible peerages.

Sir Thomas would probably become Lord Chancellor.

Lord Runciman will resign and will return to business in the City.

Lord Stanhope, First Lord of the Admiralty, is recognised as being only a temporary holder of that office, and not the man who would rule the Navy in the event of war.

Mr. Churchill is likely to have that task, and at a convenient moment he will be brought back into the Cabinet.

Among the junior Ministers there will also be changes.

Capt. Crookshank, who had been marked down as a successor to the Speaker, is likely to get Cabinet rank instead, now that Major Gwylim Lloyd George is likely to be the next Speaker.

Palmolive for every day and for their Great Day...

For the Quins the Royal Visit is the greatest occasion in their lives!



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For all lovely ladies

it's natural to use Palmolive because of its Olive Oil

These five lovely little ladies are being brought up with Schoolgirl Complexions. Dr. Dafoe, the Quins' own doctor, prescribed Palmolive, the olive oil soap, to protect the skins of these world famous babies, and keep them lovely for life. Palmolive cleanses them thoroughly and gently—it will do the same for you.



Now we are Five!



How they've grown on QUAKER OATS

Every day, summer and winter, Quaker has provided Vitamin B, ensuring sound growth and constitutions and boundless energy.

At birth—less than 4 lbs. each. Now look at them, at their fifth birthday!

A miracle? A miracle of sound medical care and sane feeding. For the great medical men who advised on the Quins' diet made quite sure they wouldn't go short of any vital element.

Take the case of Vitamin B—that vital elusive element which is absolutely essential for normal growth in children. Quaker Oats was selected for the Quins because it's a rich, economical source of this Vitamin B. So, every day since 12 months old, they have had their Quaker—and loved it—and thrived on it.

You and your children, too, will benefit from Quaker. But remember this about Vitamin B: the body cannot store it up. Therefore you must have Quaker daily—and, the summer's just as important as the winter.

And here's another summer reason for Quaker. Just think of the extra energy you and your children are using up! Long evenings, out and about in the open air, swimming, tennis, cricket—they need the

energy in Quaker. Quaker's a grand energy food—and it's rich in muscle-building protein, with phosphorus and iron too.

Get a packet of Quaker today—Quick Quaker, it takes only 4 minutes to prepare.



For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet

Take It And Stop Limping!

No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Pains, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, and arteries supply, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds heal naturally and the cure is lasting, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of re-established blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the WONDERFUL NEW MEDICAL REMEDY.

Write NOW for a generous Free Sample of Elasto and interesting Booklet explaining this new science of Natural Healing—and make the Discovery of a Lifetime!

ELASTO (Dept. 126X), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PLAN WITH THE PLANETS

THE GETTING TOGETHER OF BRITAIN AND RUSSIA CONFIRMS MY PROPHECY OF JUST SUCH AN EVENT. MOREOVER, IT DRIVES THE LAST NAIL IN THE COFFIN CONTAINING HITLER'S EUROPEAN-SUPREMACY DREAMS. I TOLD YOU HE WOULD BE STYMIED BY JUNE THIS YEAR!

MOST of the events of June show a remarkable trend towards pacification in the Continental cock-pit, though you can be sure of "thunderous intervals." Perhaps the most heartening concerns relationships between France and Italy, and here I offer the prediction of an amicable settlement.

At the same time, I can answer with a very definite "No" several readers (some abroad) who ask if the Duce intends soon to make actual attacks on Algeria, Tunis or Egypt.

Egypt will be prominently in the news soon, mainly because of arrangements with her opposite number, Turkey, which will take on an unforeseen character.

So vitally important a place do these arrangements take in current charts before me that I cannot doubt there will be some sensations . . . and some repercussions in Berlin.

The whole drift of planetary influences down there is favourable to Britain.

Mention of Italy reminds me to remind you that this coming month throws up some of the incidents connected with the Royal Family of that country. In a short time a somewhat staggering statement will be issued, and this will involve (a) direct events inside and outside the country, (b) extraordinary events touching on the succession to the throne.

BRIEF BIRTHDAY INDICATIONS

(Applying to those whose anniversaries occur this week.)

TODAY
NO doubt about it, this is going to be an excellent year for you. Expansion of your interests is clearly indicated, particularly in connection with your main occupational problems.

You now have a real chance to realise some of your principal ambitions, and unless you bungle your chances hopelessly, it is almost certain that this year will result in an encouraging improvement in your general status.

TO-MORROW
You must prepare now for a year which is going to involve considerable strain on your system. It tends to be rather a depressing time owing to the degree of opposition with which you will have to contend. This comes mainly from people older than yourself.

TUESDAY
An extremely quarrelsome atmosphere is the chief drawback of the year which you begin to-day. I strongly urge you to make an effort now to curb your natural impetuosity. The most likely form of difficulty appears to be financial losses due to unwise speculation.

WEDNESDAY
Quite an interesting year, although it will not be without its difficulties. These take the form principally of financial strain, possibly due to your own extravagance.

THURSDAY
Financial prospects are well above the average, and most business interests flourish. This is particularly so in the case of those of a rather original nature. Enterprise certainly pays just now.

FRIDAY
You are not going to find this year such an easy time as you had hoped. I am afraid it is going to be uphill work most of the way, and you will be well advised to stick to your normal routine as far as you possibly can.

SATURDAY
Rather a quiet year with few developments of outstanding importance. The chief danger is to see that you do not permit yourself to fall into a defeatist frame of mind. There is need to watch the financial position carefully right the way through. Faulty judgment may involve you in some pretty serious losses if you are not on the alert.

SEEN ON THE SCREEN

By S.

ROSSITER SHEPHERD
bered; Akim Tamirov with a beard that almost rivals mine, and Brian Donlevy, coldly sinister as the King of the Gambing Hells, each give a performance as though they genuinely find work a pleasure.

AT THE LOCALS
So far as pictures generally released this week are concerned there is little to get excited about. "Duke of West Point" is just another of those stories of America's well-boostered military academy. This time a young Englishman who has graduated at Cambridge is sent when he reaches the academy because of his alleged "superior airs."

Naturally, the sons of Uncle Sam lose no time in teaching him what's what, and that's that!

CAFE SOCIETY
A 1939 version of the "Taming of the Shrew" done in modern dress with a newspaper reporter who marries a Society butterfly—or is married by her—in order to win a bet with another newspaper man.

The old bunk, but snappily done with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray playing leads.

DRAMATIC SCHOOL
LUISE RAINER in a sociological drama of a Paris factory girl who, studying to be an actress, dramatises her own life, but makes good in the end. Feeble, however, you regard it.

TORCHY BLANE IN CHINATOWN
Glenda Farrell in a murder mystery. Thin plot, almost disguised with plenty of wisecracks.

AMUSEMENT GUIDE

BALLET AND OPERA
SABINE'S WILLOW. D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. Evns. 8.30. Sat. 2.30. To-morrow: THE SHAKESPEARE. THE OLD VIC. (Wal. 632) 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30. BALLETS JOUSS.

THEATRES
APOLLO. 8.30. To-m. 2.30. OF MICE & MEN. LORAIN. Evns. 8.30. Sat. 2.30. THE SHAKESPEARE. THE OLD VIC. (Wal. 632) 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30. BALLETS JOUSS.

PIECEDILLY (Ost. 458) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Elizabeth. Evns. 8.30. Sat. 2.30. THE SHAKESPEARE. THE OLD VIC. (Wal. 632) 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30. BALLETS JOUSS.

SAVOY (Ost. 458) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Elizabeth. Evns. 8.30. Sat. 2.30. THE SHAKESPEARE. THE OLD VIC. (Wal. 632) 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30. BALLETS JOUSS.

VARIETY
COLISEUM. Ch. X. Ten. 3161. 6.25 & 9. Men. 2.30. George Robey; Revell & West; George Lutz, etc.

RESTAURANT ENTERTAINMENTS
LONDON. CASINO. Ger. 1612. Evns. Tues. 8.30. Sat. 2.30. THE SHAKESPEARE. THE OLD VIC. (Wal. 632) 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30. BALLETS JOUSS.

IN Jugoslavia I find evidences not only of Governmental changes and insurrection, but grave dangers to the policy and person of Prince Paul (the Regent).

These will produce a critical phase in general affairs and cause a big scare. It is significant that this land, familiar with the assassin, suffers portents not differing greatly from those which led to my prediction of King Alexander's end.

Simultaneously, we shall be hearing of German efforts in the direction of Rumania.

CORRESPONDENTS ask me what (having predicted Mr. Chamberlain's use of the Big Stick with accuracy) is to come next? So far as I can calculate we are going to see the end of the present lull in crises shortly. I reckon June 17 as a vital date, and that this will prove to be the moment for a Government success.

This will be in the international field, will be a combination of appeasement and direct action, and will lead to conferring between heads of governments.

On direct outcome will be a general weakening of present German policy and the eclipsing of Ribbentrop.

FURTHER annoyance to a much harassed Fuehrer comes this week from Spain. I foresee some anxious times. Spain and Germany will not reach Axis-harmony. The shoot-up of a famous man there will not help matters. Changes are due almost at once, and the struggle involves clashes between sections of Franco's own party.

Coming soon, too, are rather unexpected reactions among world Moslems, notably in the Arabian districts. Jewish opposition to the Government's ideas on Palestine will be tame compared with that from this quarter. I am afraid, and the problem boils up to a sticky crisis some time in August.

Weather? Warm, but thunder in many parts soon after the week-end, then an almost perfect run with June properly heralded with persistent sunshine.

Prince Paul of Jugoslavia

HOW WE ALL STAND THIS WEEK

(Look for your birth date below to find your section.)

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20
FEAR too great a tendency to take risks during the early part of this week. I advise you to watch your step carefully until Wednesday or Thursday at the earliest. Thursday brings a definite turn for the better in all your interests, and you will benefit by holding your hand until then. Even so, this is no week for making drastic departures from your normal routine.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20
This is scarcely likely to be a pleasant week, and I strongly recommend you to treat it with the utmost reserve. There is every evidence of a certain amount of strain and few signs of any major benefits at this stage. Tuesday, for instance, stands out as an extremely critical day.

MAY 21 to JUNE 20
Special benefits for you folks on Monday. These take the form of some pleasing developments in connection with social interests, and may have important repercussions on your financial position. Then, at mid-week, you must be prepared for a few disappointments.

JUNE 21 to JULY 20
Little progress for you folks until you come to Thursday. Indeed, the whole of the first half of the week tends to be spoiled by irritating hitches, particularly in your private arrangements. Fortunately, the second half of the week introduces a more progressive note altogether, although major decisions should still be postponed.

JULY 21 to AUGUST 21
Although there are no signs of major difficulties ahead, this is almost bound to be a trying week. The advancement of the present week-end is terminated by a rather depressing Monday. Disappointments appear probable, and there is a general tendency to indulge in some quite unnecessary worrying as the week lengthens.

AUGUST 22 to SEPTEMBER 22
Considerable emphasis on social affairs at the beginning of the week, and I do not doubt that you will be able to score some successes. Monday, in particular, brings distinct possibilities of financial benefit as a result of your activities.

SEPTEMBER 23 to OCTOBER 22
Rather a dull week, I am afraid, and you, too, need to keep your activities just now on quiet lines. Some strain appears probable as a result of a domestic crisis of some kind on Tuesday, and you should certainly rule that day out for special activities in any direction.

OCTOBER 23 to NOVEMBER 22
A rather risky atmosphere prevails during the early days of this week, and you can't count on much assistance with your plans until the second half. The chief difficulty appears to be some form of health strain, and I advise you to take things quietly for a day or two.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22
You folks will be well advised to confine your activities to matters of pure routine until well into the second half of this week. Thursday, fortunately, brings a much more optimistic note altogether, notably in anything to do with friends and social interests generally.

DECEMBER 21 to JANUARY 19
If you take my advice you will concentrate all your efforts, whether in business or at home, on the second half of this week. The early part of the week is, in particular, likely to produce some sticky difficulties. There is some easing of the tension as the week progresses.

JANUARY 20 to FEBRUARY 18
Changes strike me as inadvisable during the greater part of this week. Care is vitally essential during the early days, and all decisions should be held over for a time. The chief strain results from hitches in connection with friendships and allied interests.

FEBRUARY 19 to MARCH 20
The whole of the first half of the week helps to forward your plans, culminating in some special assistance on Wednesday. That day is excellent for both general financial interests and questions of occupational advancement.

There's a world of DIFFERENCE when lips are by Tattoo!



Now seven shades: The New Orchid and Black Magic. A Complete Lip and Cheek Color. Available in Cream, Powder, or Tablets. 4/6 (Gills) 3/6. TATTOO Cream, 4/6 (Gills) 3/6. TATTOO Powder, 4/6 (Gills) 3/6. TATTOO Tablets, 4/6 (Gills) 3/6.

JOB ENDANGERED BY STOMACH TROUBLE

It is hard luck indeed when you feel you may lose a good job because of stomach trouble. But why be pessimistic? Plenty of others were in the throes of doubt and fear for the same reason, before they turned to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and found that their worrying had been absolutely unnecessary.

When you reflect that stubborn cases of duodenal and gastric ulcers have been cured for all time by this wonderful powder, surely you can entrust your particular stomach trouble to its truly remarkable healing power! Take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder steadily for a few days. The gradual disappearance of pain tells you of its protective effect on your stomach lining. The excess acid in your stomach becomes neutralised—loses its bite. You get ease and comfort. You feel well and strong again. Your job is in no danger now.

Insist on MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. 1/3, 2/6, and 5/- Powder or Tablets. New slide-top packet (50 tablets), 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets)—Advt.

2 For 1 164 Page BOOK LOGS about

You keep a dog because you enjoy perfect companionship, appreciate faithful attachment. You do all you can to make his life completely happy, but your dog has many needs, the existence of which you may not even suspect. Sherley's Dog Book will enable you to give your dog the best possible attention in every way.

Written by an eminent veterinary surgeon, constantly revised, and kept up to date, it tells you how to feed dogs, house and train them, how to rear puppies, lets you into secrets of successful showing and most important of all, deals with over 150 canine ailments, their diagnosis and treatment.

SHERLEY'S DOG BOOK

2d. From Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants or 3d. post free from A. F. SHERLEY & CO., LTD. 16-18 Marshfield Road, London, S.E.1.

Please listen to Gracie Fields TO-NIGHT at 8.45, broadcasting from all stations.

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Woman's Marriage Tangle Dilemma

ADrift As Husband WEDS MOSLEM

HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE!

"Am I A Wife Or A Widow?" She Asks

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Ipswich, Saturday.

"AM I A WIDOW? HAVE MY CHILDREN A FATHER? AND HAVE THEY A STEPMOTHER AS WELL AS A MOTHER OF THEIR OWN?"

These are questions which Mrs. R. B. White, of Penang House, Heath-rd., Ipswich, asks herself again and again as she considers the strange twist fate has given to her married life.

Her husband, forty-one-years-old David John White, a prison warder, is thousands of miles away in Singapore.

He may, for all she knows, be her husband no more, for White has turned Mohammedan and married an Eurasian woman. Apparently his marriage is perfectly legal.

"What am I to do? It seems I can only wait until things clear themselves."

White told his strange story to the Singapore magistrate when he opposed confirmation of a maintenance order for his English wife, made by the Ipswich Bench, and sent to Singapore.

He produced a Moslem marriage certificate, signed by a Singapore Moslem priest.

"I turned Mohammedan before I married my second wife," he told the magistrate.

The order made by the Ipswich Bench was for 21s. 6d. a week for the first Mrs. White, and 3s. 6d. weekly for three dependent children.

But the Singapore magistrate reduced the order to one of 11s. 6d. for the wife and 1s. 6d. for each of the children.

ON PENSION

White, who took the oath in Christian fashion, said he had a pension of £13 a month, but had spent most of a gratuity of nearly £400 received when he retired from the prison service.

Mrs. White had not heard of the variation in the order when I saw her to-day.

"What am I to do? Where do I stand?" she asked. "Am I a wife or a widow? Or a single again? And what of my children?"

"David and I married 20 years ago. He will be 42 in November."

"We have five children, and they live at home here with me, and three of them are entirely dependent."

'MARVELLOUS': LAST NOTE TO HIS WIFE

WORRIED because his "marvellous" wife was planning to divorce him, Abraham Frank, a thirty-nine-year-old diamond cutter, gassed himself.

He left a note to her in which he wrote:

"I hope you will forgive me for this, but I cannot stand the idea of being divorced from you. Without you I have nothing to live for. Anything that has happened I have brought on myself. You have been marvellous and I hope you will be happy in your new life."

The note was read at the Paddington inquest yesterday on Frank, who was found dead in his room at Clifton-gardens, Maida Vale.

Philip Frank, a brother of Antwerp, said his brother had been worried because he had stolen some diamonds from his father. His wife, who was in South Africa, had instituted divorce proceedings against him.

A constable said that there was a warrant for the arrest of the dead man in connection with a bank cheque.

Recording a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind," the deputy coroner said that Abraham Frank had been employed in Amsterdam and he had apparently stolen diamonds valued at about £2,000, which belonged to his father. He also was in difficulties concerning a cheque which had been returned marked "No Account." A warrant for his arrest was awaiting him.

ANSWERS TO TEASERS

The following are the answers to the teasers in Page Nine.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| (1) Balcony. | (9) Enigma. |
| (2) Chamber. | (10) Beaconsfield. |
| (3) Bethel. | (11) Escalator. |
| (4) Hawthorn. | (12) Churchill. |
| (5) Fountain. | (13) Malmesbury. |
| (6) Digit. | |
| (7) Beacon. | |

The purpose of the Society is to enable its Members by co-operative investment of sums not exceeding £200, to share in the advantages of Property Ownership.

The Society, which now has over 5,000 Members, has paid Dividends regularly, ever since its foundation in 1932, at the minimum rate of 7% per annum.

The Properties owned co-operatively by the Members of the Society on 31st December, 1938, stood at £1,505,550, with a gross annual Rent Roll in excess of £169,000. The Society's income is derived solely from its Rent Roll; it does not "deal" or speculate in Properties and has never sold a Property since its foundation.

To men and women seeking a safe yet remunerative investment, the Society's Shares (which are obtainable only from the Society, at par) offer outstanding advantages. Full details will be sent you on receipt of the coupon below.

The Secretary, Freehold Cooperative Investment Trust Ltd., Freehold House, Traper Street, London, W.1.

Please send me, without obligation, your latest Statement of Accounts, together with your booklet explaining the principle of co-operative investment in Property.

Name.....
Address.....

THEY COVER THE WATER FRONT



These two girl art students of a technical college, busy sketching the 'Uk at Newport landing stage, themselves make a fine picture.

Eddie Guerin, Aged 77

"GIRL I'VE SHIELDED"

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Epsom, Saturday.

AMONG THE PERSONS ARRESTED ON EPSOM DOWNS YESTERDAY WAS THOMAS EDWARD GUERIN, AGED SEVENTY-SEVEN, OF NO OCCUPATION, AND NO FIXED ABODE.

When charged at Epsom Police Court with being a reputed thief, and visiting Epsom Downs with intent to commit a felony, he said:

"There are a lot of people who know Eddie Guerin escaped from Devil's Island, and they are looking for cheap notoriety."

"I committed a felony and got away from Devil's Island, but why should I follow me all my life?"

Pressed for his home address, if any, Guerin produced a photograph and said:

"I have tried all my life to save the face of that young lady. She is my daughter. I have never given my address away, whether I was in court in England or any other place."

"I have kept that secret for the last 40 years."

Prisoner, who, it was stated, tried to pick pockets of racegoers, was remanded in custody for inquiries.

CHILD STARS FROWNED UPON BY TEACHERS

CHILD prodigies in the entertainment world are viewed with a disapproving eye by the National Association of Head Teachers.

The association's annual conference at Harrogate yesterday adopted unanimously a resolution that no child of school age ought to be employed in any public entertainment or pantomime, and that all employment of children in compulsory attendance at schools ought to be prohibited.

Moving the resolution, Mr. J. J. Biggs, of South-West London, criticised powers given to education authorities to license children over twelve to take part in entertainments, and what he described as "cheap dancing academies and classes."

"The training is worthless, but parents take a joy in seeing their child doing a contortionist dance or an imitation of Mae West in public," he added.

MUSIC IN THE PARKS

Bands will play in the parks to-day as follows:

- | |
|--|
| Green Park—Grenadier Guards, 5.30 to 7.30. |
| Hyde Park—Royal Horse Guards, 4 to 5. |
| Hyde Park—Welsh Guards, 7.30 to 9.30. |
| St. James's Park—Royal Horse Guards, 8.30 to 9. |
| Greenwich Park—Honourable Artillery Company, 6.30 to 8.30. |
| Richmond Park—Metropolitan Police Band, 6.30 to 8.30. |
| Battersea Park—London Fire Brigade, 7 to 9. |

HINTS TO INVESTORS

BUSINESS STILL TENDING UPWARDS

By Our City Editor, "Scrutineer"

Great Western 5 per cent. preference, then for the electrical development of a huge 277, are now 286; while L.N.E.R. 4 per cent. second guaranteed, then 282, are now 286.

At the risk of being accused of tipping a horse from my own stable, I feel, having listened to Lord Southwood's remarks at the annual meeting of the Odhams Press, that the Odhams Press 4s. ordinary shares, at 5s., are cheap.

Even assuming that there is no increase in the dividend of 10 per cent., the yield is 8 per cent.

Lord Southwood referred to the necessity of further extending the works of Odhams (Watford) Ltd., a wholly controlled subsidiary.

This rapidly progressing colour-printing company, without the Odhams Press guarantee last year for its first preference dividend, and in addition, made a refund to the parent.

At 25s. the 21 stock units of great assistance to some of the smaller members of the Cement Makers' Association.

For many years Edmundson's Electricity Corporation has been pouring out money

of great assistance to some of the smaller members of the Cement Makers' Association.

of great assistance to some of the smaller members of the Cement Makers' Association.

of great assistance to some of the smaller members of the Cement Makers' Association.

COMPANY MEETING

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

SATISFACTORY TRADING RESULTS

BROAD BASIS OF THE BUSINESS

Lord Southwood on the Outlook

THE Nineteenth Annual General Meeting of Odhams Press Ltd. was held on Wednesday last, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen-st., W.C. The Rt. Hon. Lord Southwood of Fernhurst (Chairman and Managing Director) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. A. C. Duncan, F.C.A.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said:—Ladies and Gentlemen, I assume that you will wish to adopt the usual course of taking the Report and Accounts as read. (Agreed.)

You will see that the net profits for the year amounted to £260,067 as compared with £340,192 for the previous year.

When I addressed you at the Annual Meeting last year, I called your attention to the considerable increase in the cost of paper and labour which would take effect in 1938. As paper is our chief raw material, this heavy increase naturally affected the earning power of the Company.

In addition, the international tension, which continued throughout the year, also had effect on the Company's revenue. By expansion of trading and economies, the Directors have been able to reduce the adverse effect of these factors to a considerable extent, and, in the circumstances, I hope you will agree that the result of the year's trading is not unsatisfactory.

There is a reduction of £31,965 in the amount of Debenture Stock which represents redemptions by the operation of the Sinking Fund. Since the date of the Balance Sheet a further sum of £34,367 has been paid over to the Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders for the like purpose.

Trade Creditors, including Bills Payable, show a decrease of approximately £9,000. On the other hand, the amount due to Subsidiary Companies is up by some £42,000. This increase represents a growth of turnover on trading account.

General Reserve of £510,563 shows an increase of £50,551, representing the amount set aside out of the previous year's profits, plus the premium received on the issue of Ordinary Shares already mentioned, less the expenditure during the year in respect of rents of premises in the course of construction and capital charges. You will see from the Directors' Report that it is proposed to transfer to General Reserve £29,436 out of the profits of the year under review. The General Reserve will then stand at the substantial sum of £540,000.

The next item of importance on this side of the Balance-sheet is the Profit and Loss Appropriation. Shareholders will be pleased to know that it has not been necessary during 1938 to provide for the guaranteed Preference Dividend of Odhams (Watford) Limited, as that Company has not only been able to pay its Preference dividend, but has also been able to make a refund to your Company.

Turning to the assets side of the Balance-sheet, Freehold and Leasehold Premises show a small decrease of £187.

Plant, machinery and equipment amount to £472,818—a reduction of £24,406, that being the amount by which provision for depreciation has exceeded the additions during the year.

There is a comparatively small reduction of £2,145 in the item Leases of Advertising Sites and Contracts.

Copyrights show an increase of £56,245. The greater part of this is represented by the acquisition of a group of journals and by special expenditure on the development of the new periodical "Woman."

I am glad to say, continues to be very successful and has already attained a net sale of considerably more than 750,000 copies a week and is proving a most satisfactory medium for advertisers. It has become the leading journal in the field of popular women's weeklies.

Increased facilities for rapid and high-grade colour-printing at our Watford company's works have made it possible for this and other of the company's publications to set a very high standard of production.

The stocks on hand and work in progress, which are valued in the usual

conservative manner, show an increase of £8,466.

Trade debtors are up by £42,319 and subsidiary Companies' balances by £43,788. On the other hand, if you will refer to the next item, Investments, you will notice that subsidiary Companies show a decrease of £46,400, the greater part of which is due to the redemption of Debenture Stock.

Miscellaneous investments show a reduction of £38,571.

I would again remind you that we have not included in our investments any book value in respect of the 100,000 Ordinary shares of 1s. each in Odhams (Watford) Limited, the entire issued Ordinary share capital of that Company.

Having regard to the very satisfactory progress which that Company has made the Directors consider this holding a valuable one with increasing potentialities.

Cash at bank and in hand stood at £245,740.

ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD. With regard to Odhams (Watford) Limited, the programme of expansion arranged last year has had once more to be extended to enable the Company to handle the increasing volume of work. I am glad to say it has since been found necessary to make arrangements for a further extension to the works and for additional plant to cope with this increase.

The important new building which is being erected at the West side of Endell-street is nearing completion and, as I explained last year, this will in due course enlarge your Company's productive capacity and enable us to centralise a number of outlying departments.

If you will refer to the back page of the printed Accounts in your hands, you will see the very broad basis on which the Company's business is constituted. I could weary you with statistics, but I think you will at least be interested in learning that the amount this organisation paid out last year in salaries and wages alone was approximately £3,000,000.

THE OUTLOOK As we all are only too well aware, the general economic and trading conditions of the country, as of the outside world, are seriously disturbed. With regard to the immediate future, he would be a very bold man who would prophesy—we are all in the hands of world forces greater than we can control.

Your Directors are satisfied, however, that the business of your Company is on a thoroughly sound basis. With the return to normal international conditions and a reasonable reduction in the price of your Company's chief raw material, they are certain that the Company will return to a period of increasingly progressive progress.

As Shareholders will see, the Directors have recommended dividends on the Ordinary Shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum—as against 12½ per cent. last year—of which 5 per cent. has already been paid. Subject to the approval of this meeting the dividend warrants for the balance of 5 per cent. will be posted to-day. In view of the continued uncertainty of world conditions the Directors have thought it wise to make this small reduction in the distribution for the year under review.

TRIBUTE TO EXECUTIVE AND STAFF I cannot close without again taking the opportunity of expressing my highest appreciation both of the support I always receive from my colleagues on the Board and of the loyalty and the devoted services of the management, the staff, and, indeed, every member of our staff.

I now beg to move the adoption of the Directors' Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1938. After it is seconded and before putting it to the meeting I should be pleased to answer questions relating to them.

Mr. James E. Ward, F.C.A., seconded the resolution, which, after the Chairman had replied to a few questions, was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

On the proposition of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Ward, the payment of a final dividend of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares, making 10 per cent. for the year, was approved.

The retiring director, Mr. J. S. Ruttle, was re-elected and Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. were reappointed auditors.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman, directors and staff, and a brief acknowledgment by the Chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

141 More Cheques for Registered Readers

(SEE PAGE FOUR)

The People

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

To..... (Name of Newsagent)

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve "The People" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Use Jd. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A confidential writing put in the envelope will be sent if it is stamped addressed envelope or enclosed in royal return postage.

POST THIS FORM TO "THE PEOPLE," To "The People" Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular delivery of "The People."

Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS).....

Saved Life: Now Vanished

HOMELESS HERO'S SACRIFICE

FEARED TO BE TAX ON GRATITUDE

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"
FEARING HIMSELF A BURDEN TO THE PARENTS OF THE GIRL HE HAD SAVED, HOMELESS HERO JOHN JOHNSTONE HAS DISAPPEARED FROM THEIR HOUSE IN WILLES-ST., POPLAR.

Johnstone, workless and hungry, stayed with the O'Hallaran family for two nights, then saw what a tax he was on their slender resources. So he scribbled a note, shouldered his pack, and took to the roads once more.

"I am returning the sixpence you gave me," he said in that letter. "You need it yourselves to buy bread."

There is a touch of the spirit that kindles every man's heart in the tale of Johnstone's dramatic rescue of five-year-old Mary O'Hallaran.

How bitter must have been his thoughts as he trudged along the road leading to Blackwall Steps.

His last job as a clerk had been at Gosforth months ago. For two nights he had been without a bed. He had had no food that day.

A homeless outcast, he felt himself neglected by the world. Yet, when the world demanded self-sacrifice from Johnstone, without hope of gain, he was ready.

From among the little paddlers on the steps came a child's cry—a splash—a flutter of white drifting in the water. Then Johnstone dived.

Weak as he was from hunger and exposure, he somehow brought the little girl to the bank, then without a word to anyone he left for the pumping-station to dry his clothes.

But Mary's father sought him out and, when he heard Johnstone's story, insisted that he stay with them.

"ACCEPTED EAGERLY"
"We'll have a job putting you up," Mr. O'Hallaran explained. "There's myself, the wife and four kiddies, but it will give you a chance to settle until you find something to do."

Johnstone accepted the offer eagerly. Here was the chance he had been waiting for.

He came home with me smiling," Mr. O'Hallaran told me. "I thought I never knew a man who had less to smile about."

"Brought up in a Newcastle orphanage, he had lost his job and had been on the tramp for months."

"The only clothes he had were those he stood up in—flannel trousers, pull-over and jacket."

"He had 'mixed it' in the ring as an amateur boxer, and had played football for Tyneside Athletic."

"But when his job 'went West' he took to the roads rather than have his friends support him. He had no money of his own, yet he gave us back the sixpence we gave him."

"He did not wait long enough for any life-saving society to bestow a hero's laurels upon him."

"The night before he left he shook hands with me, and said: 'I think it best that I fade out of the picture.'"

"But I would like to find John Johnstone again, shake him by the hand, and tell him that Britain need never fear as long as she has such men as he."

SEER IS NOW A SUEER
Mme. Olga d'Emma, a well-known Paris fortune-teller, is suing her husband for damage to her second eight.

She alleges that he burned the back of her neck with curling-irons, causing her to go to hospital, and that since then her powers of foretelling the future have been affected.—Reuter.

THE HOLIDAY ROUTE

MAN WHO PUT THE FAMOUS ON RECORD!

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

WHEN, FROM YOUR GRAMOPHONE, COME THE NOTES OF A MELBA, A PATTI OR A CARUSO—THINK OF FRED GAISSBERG, FOR IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR FRED, BALD, SMILING LITTLE PIONEER OF THE RECORDING INDUSTRY, THE WORLD OF TO-DAY MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HEAR THE VOICES OF THE GREAT SINGERS, SPEAKERS AND MUSICIANS OF THE PAST.

Gaisberg is the "Father of Recording," the man who put Caruso, MacCormack and other "giants" of the concert platform "under the needle."

Nearly fifty years ago, Gaisberg came to London from Washington to join the newly formed Gramophone Company in London. He had arranged to stay only three months in England—but he's still here.

He is *persona grata* with practically the whole of the international artistic world, and he counts as his friends scores of famous men and women whose art he has helped to perpetuate on records.

From Dan Leno to Chappalin, Albert Chevalier to Gladys—Fred Gaisberg has known them all.

In 1902 he bought ten songs for £1000 ten songs by a man who just then was being talked about wherever lovers of singing gathered. There was some doubt amongst his business associates as to whether the records of these songs would be worth the money. They were all recorded in one afternoon in Milan. The

singer was Enrico Caruso, greatest tenor the world has ever known.

His records made a fortune. Born in Washington, Fred Gaisberg started his musical career as a choirboy. His first earnings helped him to buy a piano.

When he began his association with the gramophone industry, work was hard. Lots of people smiled at the efforts of the pioneers to reproduce the human voice on queer black waxen cylinders, shaped like old cocoa tins.

Not long ago, Fred sat, the guest of honour, at a banquet given in his honour by a party which included leading artists from all corners of the earth.

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THE MOKE AND THE MAID

* "Find British Husband"

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"AGENTS OF THE GESTAPO"

Then they have a visit from a Nazi agent, who explains to them that they are henceforth agents of the Gestapo and must obey such orders as come to them under pain of being denounced to the British or French Governments.

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SUPERMAN HENRY ARMSTRONG

He Never Stopped Punching

By SECONDS OUT (Ralph Hadley)

HENRY ARMSTRONG, WHO IN THE UNITED STATES HAS ALREADY BEEN ALLOTTED A PROMINENT PLACE IN BOXING HISTORY, HAS NOW PROVED TO ENGLISH FANS THAT THE STORIES OF HIS PROWESS WERE WRONG IN ONLY ONE PARTICULAR—THEY DID NOT PRAISE HIM ENOUGH.

Human Buzz-Saw he is called, and he smashed his way to victory over Ernie Roderick just like that—ripping, tearing aside all attempts at opposition.

Not for one second did he stop punching, not for one second did he stop moving into his man, driving him into a corner, flicking aside his punches as if they were only flies worrying him.

Roderick, gallantly as he fought, did not know what to make of the world champion. Never before had he met anybody like this; never in his wildest dreams could he have visualised such a venomous opponent.

Ernie won the first round easily with his left hand, but afterwards it was no defence against this human battering-ram, and every step Roderick took back meant that another blow had crashed against his head.

Just although Armstrong fought at a furious tempo throughout the match, he did not once seriously injure his British rival.

He needed no thought, for fear of being disqualified, he did not attack Roderick too hard, but he did not let him get away. He would have him, and he would have him by his way to the chin much more easily.

OBVIOUS WINNER

AFTER SECOND ROUND

Only once did the referee have to speak to the boxers, and that was in the eleventh round, when he spoke to Roderick for being out of his corner. Apart from that there was not much to be said. How different from some of our hit and hold "fighters," Armstrong lacks anything it is a real knock-out punch. He has the tactics to wear a man down to victory.

Roderick stood up for the whole 15 rounds, and it is a miracle that he did so, for, from the second round onwards, it was a matter of time before he would be knocked out.

In the second round he was hit so hard, he seemed to get the retreat, but the manner in which Henry bobbed and dodged away from these punches proved that he could be a great defensive boxer if he wanted.

We must praise Roderick, but all he did during the fight was to prove that Henry Armstrong is a superhuman boxer.

As an athlete he could win Marathon races so great he had to be hit by the terrific pace he set he spoke into the microphone at the end in even, controlled tones.

In his dressing room Armstrong eluded himself for not stopping Roderick, but added that he was not the same and everything. He would put up some good fights in the States, although he thinks he has been beaten by him, and Federico Garcia knock him out.

When Henry went "back stage" for his bath, Eddie Mead, his manager, had something to say. "I think he's got a right to go on yet," he reckons to start his general.

He lost the first round, because we called earlier than expected and did not have time to give him his usual 30 minutes' warm-up. He was not fit to go, so we went to fight him—Bertie, I think he is a natural.

Neil Tarleton, Roderick's manager, praised the champion, but had a few complaints. "We protested against his hair being thick with grease," he said, "but they made me aside."

He thought Armstrong had his head down too much, but he had to use his elbows." "GAMBLING CHANCE FOR RODERICK

Henry did use his elbows once or twice, but only because he hooked punches on through that way. Not once did he give Roderick his usual 30 minutes' warm-up. He was not fit to go, so we went to fight him—Bertie, I think he is a natural.

Roderick would have stood a chance if he had not taken a knock-out in the first round. He was not fit to go, so we went to fight him—Bertie, I think he is a natural.

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CHAMPION DARTS TEAM OF THE COUNTRY

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Greyhound Racing

TOP CLASSIC OUT OF GOLD CUP

SEMI-FINALS OF THE GOLD CUP WERE RUN AT CATFORD LAST NIGHT. FAVOURITES WERE BEATEN IN BOTH.

Junior Classic, who started at even, could only finish fifth in the first, while Black Peter was third in the second—so qualifying for the final to be run next Saturday.

The trap draw was:—
1. Gay Restorer; 2. Black Peter; 3. Roubin; 4. Trev's Dream; 5. Conington Tiger; 6. Grosvenor Ferdinand.

CATFORD
8.15—BUBBLE BLOWER (2-2, Trap 2); 1. Lion's Paw (Trap 3); 2. Fair Dancer (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
8.31—CANNONBALL (2-2, Trap 4); 1. Hercules (Trap 5); 2. Dorman's Contract (Trap 3); (Time, 21.15.)

8.47—WILDMON BRUTUS (4-1, Trap 4); 1. Hoxby (Trap 1); 2. Junior Classic (Trap 5); (Time, 21.15.)
8.53—TREV'S DREAM (2-2, Trap 4); 1. Hercules (Trap 5); 2. Dorman's Contract (Trap 3); (Time, 21.15.)

9.09—W. 8/1; P. 6/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
9.15—W. 7/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

9.21—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
9.27—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

9.33—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
9.39—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

9.45—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
9.51—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

9.57—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
10.03—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

10.09—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
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11.57—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
12.03—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

12.09—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
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13.51—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

13.57—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
14.03—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

14.09—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
14.15—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

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14.57—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
15.03—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

15.09—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)
15.15—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

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15.39—W. 8/1; P. 4/1; S. 2/1; T. 1/1; 1. Straight View (Trap 4); 2. Bristol Cream (Trap 1); (Time, 21.15.)

BROWN TAKES TWO EVENTS

A. G. K. BROWN, A.A.A. quarter-mile champion, won the half-mile for his team, Cambridge, by 13 seconds, in the first event, against the A.A.A. at Cambridge yesterday. His time was 2 minutes.

Brown later won the quarter-mile in 49.5 sec.

100 YARDS.—A. W. Sweeney (A.A.A.), 10.1 sec.

220 YARDS.—W. R. Loader (Camb.), 22.5 sec.

440 YARDS.—A. G. K. Brown (Camb.), 49.5 sec.

880 YARDS.—A. G. K. Brown (Camb.), 1 min. 5.4 sec.

1,320 YARDS.—J. C. J. Emery (Camb.), 3 min. 35 sec.

1,760 YARDS.—J. C. J. Emery (Camb.), 4 min

